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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

From The New Orleans Delta.

ABOLITIONISTS AMONG US.

THE *New York Tribune* devotes a large portion of its columns to what it calls its "New Orleans correspondence," which said correspondence is a mess of the boldest fabrications that were ever imposed upon a public journal, or imposed by such journal upon a credulous people. To attempt to notice or expose all these fictions would be a labour of Hercules. We can only admit that it would be vain for any paper to attempt to rival or equal our "Northern brethren" in the audacity and unscrupulousness of their fabrications. There is nothing in the annals of human vice to equal the prevalence of lying among that class of which Greeley is the worthy apostle and organ. In referring to this subject, we beg to be understood not as deprecating or even complaining of this system of unparalleled falsehood and calumny, our sole object being to arouse the ever-sleeping vigilance of our authorities and people, to detect the sneaking Abolitionists in the pay of Northern journals, who pry around our city, hunting up pretexts for their atrocious falsehoods.

We may not be able to prevent the calumnies heaped upon us by the Northern journals, nor do we, on our own account, care much about them, our only concern being, lest some ignorant, well-disposed persons at the North may be seduced into a belief of their vile fictions; but against the presence, the intrigues and interferences of these incendiaries, we certainly have laws and the power to protect our community. The lenity of our police administration to this description of offenders has long been a reproach to this city. From unlawfully permitting Abolition books to be openly sold in our book-stores, we have, by a natural degradation, descended a step further, and permitted these nefarious characters to live among us—to circulate among our people—to hover around public assemblies—to collect gossip and idle stories, real or invented, of the abuse of one of our most sacred and valuable institutions.

Here is another illustration of the precept that one sin, whether of omission or commission, always involves and leads to another. We have on our Statute Book the most stringent provisions to protect our people and institutions from Abolition intrigue and interference. The circulation of books and other publications, calculated to excite discontent among our servile population, is specially denounced by this code, as well as the attempt by other means to kindle disaffection among that class. Yet—except an insane tumult, raised a few years ago, about an imaginary plot of some half-crazed schoolmaster, to excite our negroes to insurrection, the most improbable and impossible of all events which have ever been thought or spoken of—we have yet to learn that a single effort has yet been made to give effect to these penal provisions. There is scarcely one of our booksellers who does not openly vend books that are full of Abolition. In most cases they do this ignorantly, and because, from the silence on this subject of all the authorities, the criminality of such acts has been lost sight of. Now, when these things are permitted openly in New Orleans, do we not give some sanction to the complaint of the planters of this and the other Southern States, that New Orleans is not Southern and decided enough on the slave question?

Our remarks have gone farther than we intended. They have been suggested by the perusal of some of the letters referred to at the beginning of this article, in the *New York Tribune*, which purport to be from this city. We simply intended to illustrate our assertion of the unapproachable grandeur of falsification of the Abolitionist, his sublimity over all ancient or modern Munchausens, Mandevilles, Pintos, *et omne id genus* of successful fiction-mongers and story venders, by certain delectable morceaux. The *Tribune* of Feb. 16 contains a letter which purports to give a description of the sale of the slaves of the succession of the late H. R. W. Hill, of this city. The leading falsehood of this letter, from which the writer educes several very pathetic imaginary scenes, is that, in these sales, families are divided and sold to different owners. Here are some specimens of these stories:

"Old men and women, over 70 years of age—some of them blind—were to be separated from their children and grand-children; husbands about to be torn from their wives; children sold into slavery, never to know a mother's love or have a father's protection and care. In a few hours the fate of all would be decided. All the slaves were crying; many of them were apparently calm in their sufferings, and had a hope that they might fall into the hands of a kind master; but others exhibited their feelings in violent outbursts of passion. One old woman who was put down in the catalogue as No. 40, Daliah, age 66 years, milkwoman, &c., was in great distress; several of the small children were clinging to her and moaning, half frightened to death, and one of her sons, about 36 years of age, was receiving her farewell blessings. With her left arm clasping him to her bosom, and her right hand placed on his head, she repeated these words: 'Bob, I shall never see you again, never, never! O God! it will break my heart! Your poor old mother will die!' Other poor slaves were crowding about the poor old woman, all anxious to take farewell of one who had been with them from their youth up, and to receive her blessing. She appeared to be regarded as a kind of mother to them all. I noticed among the spectators many Northern men who are here on a visit, and many a sympathetic tear was shed by them."

"The sympathetic tear of those Northern men," and the writer might have added "women," who attended the sale of Mr. Hill's negroes, might have been reserved for the suffering poor whites and blacks now wandering through the streets of their own cities, shelterless and starving. The slaves in question would have been truly objects of such pity, if there had been any danger of their lot being changed for that of the poor labourers of the North. But the truth is, that the arrant knave who got up those pictures of fictitious distress was not well posted. He did not probably know that the negroes were nearly all purchased by the same gentleman who bought the plantation to which they had been attached, and that there was, therefore, no change in their condition; that the law forbids the separation of children from their parents; and if the law did not, policy and humanity would; that all the negroes sold at public auction, by the auctioneers referred to, are invariably advertised and sold in families. We have now the advertisement of this sale before us, and the slaves are all divided into families, some of which are quite numerous, embracing father, mother, children and grand-children. Husband and wife are always kept together, and the children under ten years of age are never, and others rarely, separated from their parents.

The scenes described in the foregoing paragraph never occurred. They are bald and stupid falsehoods, like nearly every other statement of the writer, especially the language attributed to the auctioneers, about the breeding qualities of the slaves—(here this conscienceless scamp rather overreached himself—slave-breeding, he should have learned, was not a profitable business in the extreme South, his taking a drink after the sale of every lot; and the crowning falsehood, of the auctioneer bidding off a negro boy to a gentle man and saying, "Boy, go to your father." Having been present at the sale in question, we can assert that this letter, which is published in a paper of large circulation, and which will be read and received by thousands of persons at the North as gospel, is an unvarying and unbroken tissue of the grossest falsehoods, such as no journal in the South could live under.

Whilst on the subject of Abolition falsehoods, we feel bound to admit that the writer for the *Tribune* has at least one rival who is likely to jostle quite serious his pretensions to be regarded as the head fabricator of Abolition. We, of course, allude to the immortal and eminent Mrs. Swisshelm, who thus asserts her preëminence in this favourite field of Northern literary achievements and ambition. Hear Mrs. Swisshelm's last, and then, ye smaller inventors of the *Tribune* school, "hide your diminished heads!"

"Experience has taught us that Southern women are more intensely attached to slavery than men are—that they will more bitterly resent any attack upon it, and are rather more likely to be cruel than the other sex. Find a Southern lady whose husband has a dozen black mistresses and any number of slave children, and you will find one with a most insane hatred of Abolition.

"A clergyman, of high standing in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, told us he had heard young ladies talk, in one of the Southern States. The conversation was upon beaux, when one, an heiress, belle and beauty, expressed her total disapprobation of a young gentleman, because he had no slave children. She did it openly and without a blush. He questioned her, to be sure that he understood her aright, and she assured him that it was customary for a young man, when quite young, to select some one or more of his father's slave girls, as mistresses, that their children were considered as belonging to him, and so, when he married, he had some one to wait upon his wife; and the fact that the young man in question had not made such provision, she held to be a good reason that he would not make a good husband.

"It is certain that Southern women do not all feel thus, and that many who do would not express the feeling to a stranger; but the publicity, which is universal, about these illicit connections proves that the women of the South cannot be heartily opposed to them, for women do create, or at least sanction, the public sentiment of the society in which they move."

☞ In the last No. of this paper may be found the facts relating to a recent slave case at Columbus, Ohio, which resulted in the liberation of a slave of the Rev. Mr. Dennison, of Louisville, Ky., a son-in-law of ex-President Tyler. In the *Ohio Statesman* appears this indignant letter from the bereaved and reverend slaveholder. His holy zeal in behalf of the "Institution" is only equalled by the irresistible bathos with which he portrays his private grievance:

NEIL HOUSE, Columbus, March 13.

It will, perhaps, avail me little, in the latitude in which I am casually placed, to introduce myself as a "Northern man with Southern feelings." I was born from an honest and revolutionary ancestry, in the Valley of Wyoming, in the State of Pennsylvania, and graduated in Dickson College, in the same State. After a course of study in the Theological Seminary near Alexandria, D. C., I was ordained for the ministry in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Six years afterwards, I married the daughter of a planter and slaveholder, in lower Virginia, where I had resided for several years, during three of which I had the pastoral charge of a congregation of slaves, in addition to my white congregation. As is common with Southern planters, my father-in-law presented my wife with a negro girl, aged about fourteen years, to be her waiting-maid, a gift that she received with much joy, and formed numerous plans for her employment. She soon taught her to sew, commenced teaching her to read, and, besides requiring her invariable attendance at family prayers, devoted herself every Sunday afternoon to her religious instruction, and this in spite of her own feeble and failing health.

It was a common remark of the maid, Rosetta, "Miss Alice (her mistress) takes as much pains with me and treats me just as if I was her own child." We considered Rosetta too young to be the nurse of our little girl, but she was with it from its birth, as its affectionate playmate and companion, and occasional attendant, and, on moving to Louisville, in December, 1853, we took Rosetta with us of course, our own separation from family and friends being a much graver consideration than, at the age, her's could possibly be. In June, 1854, my wife died, and the grief of no member of the family was more sincere and hearty than Rosetta's. Her attachment to the child and to myself seemed redoubled, and when, in December of the same year, I was compelled to take my little girl to Virginia, together with the corpse of her sainted mother, Rosetta again wept at our departure.

About two months after my return to my parish in Louisville, I learned that there was a probability that my child's nurse would leave her in a few weeks, and, as Rosetta and the child were both older by three years than at the birth of the latter, I determined to send the maid back to her home, that, having the chief care of my little daughter, they should not again be separated, but that, growing up together, they should form those ties, second in strength and duration only to ties of blood, and not always to them, which exist between an attached mistress and a faithful servant. The friend to whose kind care I intrusted the girl left Louisville for Wheeling, March 9th inst., and, finding no boat from Cincinnati, he determined, upon consultation, to cross the State of Ohio, by the Little Miami railroad, under the impression that the cars ran directly through, and that no delay would thus interpose between him and the home he was so anxious to reach. What was his surprise and grief to learn that the train waited over Sunday at Zanesville, thus detaining him and his precious trust in the midst of a community many of whose members were supposed to sympathize with the disorganizing Abolition tendencies unhappily but too prevalent in our Northern States.

Still, he thought, by stopping in Columbus, where he had once resided, and yet has many friends, he might avoid observation, cloistered under what should be the sacred roof of a private family. But alas! in the merciless and marauding code of Abolitionism, no "man's house is his castle," and black women were soon seen hovering about the house like birds of ill omen, and presently the Sheriff of the county appeared with a *Habeas Corpus*, and, by so infamous a prostitution of that writ of priceless value of a true American, and in spite of her asservations that she did not want to be free, but wished to return to her parents and "little Bessie," the poor girl was forced away from her protector, on the Sabbath day, and lodged in a jail. The next morning, she was brought before a Court, and, with a mockery of a trial, before time was allowed for the attempt even to defend both her and the rights guaranteed by the Constitution to every citizen of the United States, she was declared free, and, being a minor, was put under à *guardian*, lest she should exercise her liberty in returning to her parents, and this when Almighty God has made me her guardian, as I have ever been her best earthly friend.

And now, after this simple statement of facts, I appeal to my fellow-countrymen of Columbus and Ohio, to judge between me and these men-stealing Abolitionists. Who are the friends of this poor child? Who is it likely is most attached to her true interests, her master or those who are now, it is to be hoped, ashamed of their meanness in depriving as honest and good a citizen as themselves of the humble friend of his dead wife and the faithful attendant of his innocent child, thus calling in the majestic sanctions of the law to give a colour of respectability to an action that should sink its perpetrators to the lowest level of the contempt of every ingenuous and upright mind?

Who have sought really this girl's freedom and elevation in society, those who, in defiance of all right, have placed the ward of another under a guardian (forsooth), who is put over her to watch with lynx eyes, lest, in obedience to every impulse, she should make use of her freedom to return home—a guardianship from which, when she emerges, she can never rise above the servility of your hewers of wood and drawers of water—or I, who designed to grant her most earnest wishes in making her the fond companion and cherished dependent of a beloved child? Judge, I pray you, who sought her happiness, he who was restoring her to the home of her childhood and the arms of her parents, to her brothers and sisters, or the kidnappers who have barbarously forced her from the society of those she loved forever? Why, I had understood that this last ruthless deed was the special prerogative of slaveholders alone, and that the Abolitionists, those dear friends of the coloured race, detest nothing so much in the horrid institution of slavery as the sundering of families that is sometimes of necessity required! But what law, human or divine—what civil, social or moral obligation—what Constitution or Bible—what tie of affection or blood—will not these misguided men or inhuman monsters trample under foot, if it stand in the way of their ungodly fanaticism! Have they not encouraged slaves to run away from their masters, when Paul sent them back?

Have they not scattered incendiary pamphlets, and sent wily and disguised emissaries throughout the whole South, wherever, at least, the necks of their panders were safe from the halter, to excite the lowest and most ignorant class of the Southern people to discontent, sedition and revolt? Have they not thus, while adding "bars of brass and triple steel" to the shackles of the slaves, done all in their power to provoke a servile and internecine war—a war that spares neither age nor sex in its merciless fury against men as patriotic, as moral, as religious, and women as lovely in every relation of life as the world can produce?

When the poverty of the slave stood in the way, have they not urged him to steal whatever had been committed by a confiding master to his trust, and to suffer no consideration of duty, or love or mercy to hold him back from the embraces of his friends with white faces and black hearts, who procured his freedom by such unhallowed means, only to allow him the most menial position about their houses, or to wander as a beggar in their streets?

When the glorious Constitution of our country provided, in its social compact, for the preservation of the rights of the South, have they not denounced this great Union of States itself as an instrument of fraud and oppression, that ought to be broken? and have they not resisted the wholesome provisions of the Fugitive Slave bill with chicanery, violence and blood? When the Ten Commandments forbid the coveting and stealing of a neighbour's servant, and the book of Leviticus enjoined it upon the Jews to purchase their "bondsmen of the heathen around them; who should be their heritage forever," and the New Testament repeatedly enjoins upon slaves to "be obedient to their masters in all things," have not these same men defied the injunctions of Holy Writ, and pronounced the Bible a forgery, and God, if he sanctioned such things, a tyrant?

I appeal to you, fellow-citizens, to know if all these statements are not truth; and then I ask you if you will continue, through your Legislatures and administrators of justice, to permit, in default of your strenuous opposition, so dire a stigma to rest upon the noble, and manly, and virtuous population of the North from the actions of these deluded men, and these unwhipped miscreants? If you persist in this supineness—I speak it not as a threat, but in all mournfulness, like a prophecy of Cassandra—be assured a day of retribution will come.

You or your children *will* see this Republic divided and its borders devastated by perpetual war. Born, like yourselves, upon free soil, I have spent the years of my manhood among Southern men, and I know that every instance of tampering with the institution of slavery alienates some true-hearted patriot from that Union which our fathers cemented with their blood. I know that personal rights are dearer to the people of the South than the barren glory derived from a union with strangers, from which too many already think they have nothing to gain and much to lose.

And I know that this growing dissatisfaction is confined to no one class of men, but that it is shared in by the vicious and the virtuous, the rich and the poor, the cultivated and the ignorant; that it is found among professional men and mechanics, godless worldlings and devout Christians, lawyers and merchants, clergymen and judges, and legislators of the State and the Federal Government. The adherence of slaveholders to their rights of person and property is stronger than all their political perferences or combinations, whether as Whigs, Democrats or Know-Nothings, or even as citizens of the United States; but if, through incessant machinations against these rights, patriotism itself would give way to the galling sense of wrongs and oppressions, the Union may perish; but its blood will rest upon those men and their children who could, but did not, crush this hydra-headed fanaticism of a portion of their own number by the omnipotence of the ballot-box. The evils of a dissolution of the Union are incalculable. The farewell address of him the Father of his country, and far-seeing vision of that great expounder of the Constitution, the late Chief Justice Story, have portrayed but half its horrors. The rest remains to be written with the pen of history rather than of prophecy or political forecast, in characters of fiery and sanguinary desolation.

With a most sincere and cordial esteem, I am your friend and fellow-citizen,

HENRY M. DENNISON.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

ONCE more, despite of the fanatical and treasonable intervention of the Abolitionists, the majesty of the law has vindicated itself in one of the Northern States, and a new rebuke has been administered to the traitors who would oppose the course of the laws.

In the District Court of the United States, Booth, convicted of aiding in the escape of a fugitive slave, was sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand dollars, and to be imprisoned one month, and Reynold, as an accessory to the crime, two hundred dollars and an imprisonment of ten days.

It seems strange that the perpetrators of this class of outrages upon the Constitution and the laws of the land, professing, as they do, to be governed in their action by motives of religion and philanthropy, do not discern the fact that the infraction of the statute against this kind of robbery is equally a crime with that of breaking any other in the code. Stealing is stealing, and the taking what is not their own is the same thing, whether the theft be of one kind of property or another. Yet, we have a class of thieves in the country who, maintaining among their fellows the position of respectable and consistent men—church-goers, professing Christians, preachers and philanthropists—make no scruple of breaking the eight commandment, under the inspiration, as they pretend, of a "higher law."

It is well that we have upright and conscientious judges in the land, who have the firmness to resist these attacks upon the laws by men who should and who do know better than to make them, and to administer to such the penalty provided for such offences.

Some other interesting trials, growing out of this class of crimes, are about to come off in other States of the Union, and we trust that the example set them by a Wisconsin Jury and a Wisconsin Court will not be lost upon them. It is our glory that the rights and interests of all the people of this country, in what State soever they may reside, are guaranteed the fullest protection in every several State; and we look to Massachusetts to give the same assurance of her readiness to abide by this guarantee as has been given by Wisconsin, in the case alluded to.

Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Wentworth Higginson, and other citizens of Massachusetts, are under indictment, in the Courts of that State, for interfering, some by exciting and treasonable speeches, and others by their active coöperation with the mob, to prevent the carrying into effect of this same law of the land. That they did not succeed is attributable only to the fact that the municipal authority of the city of Boston, the civil and military power of the State of Massachusetts, and the force of that part of the U. S. Army which happened to be located in that vicinity, were called into successful requisition to prevent it.

Their cases differ in no degree of criminality, so far as principle is concerned, from those of Booth and Reynolds. Shall not their punishment be as prompt, as signal, and as exemplary? If not, why not?—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A GRATIFYING INDICATION.—It is a gratifying indication in the signs of the times that a Grand Jury of the United Circuit Court, sitting in Boston, have found bills of indictment against Rev. Theodore Parker, Rev. Thomas W. Higginson, Mr. Wendell Phillips, and some eight or ten other Abolitionists of the same stripe, for committing and inciting acts of violence in the affair of the Burns fugitive slave riot, some months ago. It will be recollected that the United States Marshal and his deputies were obstructed in the execution of their duty, and that one of the deputies was killed by a shot from the Abolition mob. The riot was the direct consequence of inflammatory harangues delivered by Parker, Phillips, and others, and the blood of the murdered Bachelder is not less upon their hands than upon those of the man who fired the shot.

We trust that the traverse juries which shall try the indictments against these men will as faithfully observe the obligations of their oath as the grand jurors have done. If law has force in this country, it is time juries should cease to discriminate between the high-bred and low-bred violators thereof—between priests who set its behests at defiance, and half-clad wretches who break it to avoid starvation.

It is time, too, that the new dogma of a higher law than the Constitution—the dogma which permits every man to determine for himself as to the binding force of human statutes—should be demolished. There never was so dangerous a tenet conceived, in reference to the rights and duties of citizens in a civilized government, as that. It is destructive of all government. It opens the door for the most entire anarchy. If the Fugitive Slave law may be violated with impunity, so may any other law of Congress or a State government. No law, under it, can have force only so far as each citizen may recognise its binding obligations.

Thus, the trial of Parker, Phillips, and their fellow murderers and rioters involves serious consequences beyond the mere punishment of the guilty parties. Its result will determine whether, in the chief city of New England, the higher law, which, in the case of Burns, was mob law, is paramount to the regularly ordained constitution of the country—whether the officers of justice can be ruthlessly shot down, and the perpetrators of the murder inaugurated as heroes. Theodore Parker, when he was arraigned for the offence with which he is charged, is said to have esteemed the occasion honourable to himself. Let us see whether the people of Boston shall regard the final event as a crown of martyrdom placed upon the head of a persecuted man.—*Detroit Free Press*—*Gen. Cass's mouth-piece.*]

Selections.

THE COVENANTERS.

ANGOLA, Steuben Co., Indiana, February 18, 1855.

MR. EDITOR: In demonstrating that the American Church is the bulwark of American Slavery, complaint is often made, by representatives of the Church, that we are too general in our denunciations, and do not give credit where credit is justly due. And, although we always except the Old School Covenanters, and all independent Churches of any denomination that take the same ground that they do, yet we get little credit for these exceptions, because so few know the real position of these Churches and the positive testimony they are constantly bearing against the evils of which we complain. I have, therefore, thought proper to send you the following extracts from their "Testimony":

"There are moral evils assented to in the Constitution of the United States, which render it necessary to refuse allegiance to the whole system. * * * It established that system of robbery by which men are held in slavery, deprived of liberty, and property, and protection. It violates the principles of representation, by bestowing on the domestic tyrant, who holds hundreds of his fellow-creatures in bondage, an influence, in making laws for freemen, proportioned to the number of his own slaves. This Constitution is, notwithstanding its numerous excellencies, in many instances, inconsistent, oppressive and impious.

"Since the adoption of the Constitution in the year 1789, the members of the Reformed Presbyterian Church have maintained a constant testimony against these evils. They have refused to serve in any office which implies an approbation of the Constitution, or which is placed under the direction of an immoral law. They have abstained from giving their votes at elections, for legislators or officers who must be qualified to act by an oath of allegiance to this immoral system. They could not themselves consistently swear allegiance to that Government in the Constitution of which there is contained so much immorality. In all these instances, their practice has been uniform."

And again, in their "argumentative testimony," on chapter XXX., of the right of dissent from a Constitution of civil government, they say:

"*The Constitution recognises and sanctions oppression.* It is admitted that, as it regards the general principles of human freedom, the Constitution presents much that is worthy of commendation. As it relates to those already free, the system which it organized is well adapted to encourage enterprise and activity; or rather, it imposes few or none of those restraints upon the free action of the individual citizen, in the prosecution of the business of his trade or profession, which prevail in the Old World. But to this there is one grand and fatal exception. It does not recognise the manhood and consequent rights of all the inhabitants of the land. It was made for the favoured class. Slaves are held under constitutional sanctions. There are four articles of the Constitution that refer to slavery. Art. 5, Sec. 3, prescribes the rates of representation and direct taxation—directing that in arranging this basis, there shall be added to all 'free persons three-fifths of all *other* persons.' Who can these be but slaves? for, as all know, apprentices—the only class that could, by any supposition, belong to the latter class—are *free* persons. The 9th section of the same article prohibits the Government from legislating against the African slave trade for twenty years, and left it optional with it at the end of that time or not. An article that bound the nation to spread its flag over piracy until 1808, and leaves it at liberty to do so now, needs no comment, especially when we remember that this same document is very careful to guard against anything in the shape of an acknowledgment of Christianity, or national support of its claims. Allow the *slave trade*, but *forbid* any recognition of the religion of Jesus Christ. Art. 4, Sec. 8, No person held to service or labour, &c. This is plain, certainly. If, in any State, slaves are held by law, they are not to be liberated on their escaping, but shall be 'delivered up' to their oppressor. How idle to cavil about the word person. Slaves are persons, and they so speak of them. Or about the word due, for by what rule is this debt to be freed? By the laws of the slaveholding States—and by no other or higher law—for the Constitution declares itself to be 'supreme law.' Nor does it avail to say that this article might still be operative, as in the case of apprentices, were there no slaves; for while, there are slaves, it gives slaveholders a national sanction in their iniquity, and pledges the States or the nation—and it matters not which—to employ their power in returning unhappy fugitives from oppression to their galling chains. It aggravates greatly the shamelessness of the provision, that it is not inconsistent with the very ends of civil government—the protection of the rights and libertics, particularly of the weak and helpless—but also in direct opposition to the will of the Most High—'Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant that is escaped from his master unto thee.'

"In the fourth article, section third, the States engage to protect each other against 'domestic violence'—a provision manifestly referring chiefly to the slaves—it is 'domestic' violence—and which pledges the free States to employ their resources in holding the slaves in chains, should they, as the States themselves had just done, seek to procure their liberty by an appeal to arms.

"These provisions, if all else was right in the Constitution, would furnish ample reason for standing aloof from any active support of the Government of this country. To sanction oppression, and much more to become ourselves oppressors, as in the return of fugitive slaves, is to incur the wrath of Heaven. 'Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbour's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work.'

"It avails nothing against this to say that the Constitution was established to secure 'liberty,' &c. This is found in the preamble of the Constitution; but to ascertain the real character of this instrument, as any other, we must examine its details. For example, the general design of an association for business of any kind may be altogether lawful, even laudable; but if an article was inserted that it would withhold, if it could be done legally, the wages of the operatives, no moral man would join the association. The cases are parallel—and such a a provision, however difficult to conceive of or execute in the case of a private company, is very possible and practicable in a Constitution which is above law. It is preposterous to assert that we must take the general design of the framers of a Constitution, as stated by themselves, as evidence, in spite of facts to the contrary, of what they really did do. But, in truth, the eye of the framers and adopters of the Constitution of the United States was not upon the slaves at all when they inserted their preamble; they regarded only those already free, and gave their sanction, as one of the attributes of freedom, to the holding of slaves, in allowing the States to make slaveholding laws, and then casting over the ægis of the nation.

"By such considerations as these we vindicate our dissent from the Constitution of the country, and we exhibit our dissent by refusing to swear oaths to support it, or the State Constitutions linked in with it, by declining to vote or hold office where the oath is required, and by refusing to sit upon juries in courts of law. Refusing to swear, it follows, of course, that office must be declined with which an oath to sustain the Constitution is connected. If an office cannot be held, the vote which *designed* to send the candidate to swear the oath must also be withheld.

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"In view of all this, we judge it right, safe, pleasing to God, and in the issue most conducive to the high ends of our testimony, to occupy a position apart from the National and State arrangements of this land; recognising, at the same time, whatever is excellent in them, and labouring, by our teaching and our arguments, to lead those around us to see things as we see them, that so the requisite change may be introduced, and the institutions of the country made such as can consistently be supported by the faithful servants and witnesses of Christ. But, whatever the immediate fruit of our labours may be, we cannot adopt the maxim of the Jesuits, and 'do evil that good may come'; we cannot swear to what we believe wrong, and hated of God, even with a purpose to seek its amendment. Let public opinion be changed or brought right, and there will be no difficulty in establishing a scriptural government. To do otherwise than we do, would be to sacrifice a good conscience, weaken our testimony, and so hinder, instead of promoting, that reformation which we are sure is greatly needed, and for which we labour and pray."

The above sets forth clearly the position of the Old School Covenanters, a body of Christians who have, ever since the adoption of the Constitution, borne a faithful and consistent testimony against it. In this testimony we are in union, and gladly coöperate with them in setting an example to the other Churches in this land, which, if adopted by them, would strike an effective blow at the slave system. When they take this position, our controversy with them will be at an end. Slavery will be abolished, and the religion of the land purified from its foulest and damning stain.

—*A. S. Bugle.*] C. S. S. GRIFFING.

MAINE ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES — A LEGISLATOR RECITING HIS SENTIMENTS IN RHYME.

On the 12th inst., the following resolves relating to slavery were adopted by the Senate of Maine. They were warmly debated, and many amendments were offered and rejected. We copy the concluding ones from the Augusta *Age* of the 17th:

Resolved, 1. That human slavery is, in all its aspects, an unqualified evil and wrong, and as such merits the reprehension of mankind.

2. That in the early periods of our national history, both the opinions of the people and the policy of the government were adverse to the institution.

3. That the Constitution of the United States is, and was designed to be, a charter of liberty, and hence that all acts of the National Government by which slavery maintains a legal existence in territory subject to the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress are in direct conflict with the whole spirit and with the clear provisions of that instrument.

4. That the act of the Thirty-Third session of Congress, repealing the law of 1820, known as the Missouri Compromise, by which slavery was forever prohibited in the territory north of the parallel of 36° 30′, was an unjustifiable violation of a solemn compact, and a flagrant breach of faith on the part of the South.

5. That Maine will never consent to the admission into the federal Union of any more States with constitutions authorizing slavery.

6. That the act of 1850, called the Fugitive Slave law, is unconstitutional, and odious to the whole North; Maine, therefore, demands its immediate and unconditional repeal.

7. That it is the duty of the General Government, without delay, to abolish slavery wherever it has exclusive jurisdiction, and to exert its influence whenever and wherever it legitimately may on the side of universal liberty.

8. That the third paragraph in the second section of the first article of the Constitution of the United States should be amended by striking out the words, "which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and including Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons," and adding in place thereof the words, "excepting Indians not taxed, and all persons deemed and held as chattels personal."

Therefore, Resolved, That our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our Representatives requested, to use all practicable means to secure the passage of the following enactments:

First, an act repealing all laws of the United States authorizing slavery in the District of Columbia.

Second, an act repealing the statute of 1850, known as the Fugitive Slave law.

Third, an act forever prohibiting slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crime, within the Territories of the United States.

Resolved, further, That our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our Representatives requested, at all times hereafter, most strenuously to oppose, in every justifiable way, the admission of any new State into the Union except upon the condition, to be embraced in the act of admission, that slavery or involuntary servitude, excepting that for crime, of which the accused shall have been duly proved guilty, shall be forever prohibited therein.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to forward a copy of these resolves to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

In the House, on the 16th inst., Mr. Cushman introduced a bill further to protect personal liberty [forbidding officers of this State, under penalty, from aiding in the execution of the Fugitive Slave law]. He advocated the bill in a long speech.

Mr. York, of Temple, said he had been an anti-slavery labourer for ten years. He had not opened his mouth here before, but he could hold out no longer. He should vote for the bill. He was elected by an anti-slavery majority of 366 over the pro-slavery, wildcat and rum candidate. He had prepared his sentiments in rhyme. He wished to know if it would be in order to sing his song?

Mr. Pike hoped he would sing it.

Mr. York, on the whole, preferred to recite it, which he did, with much gusto, as follows:

FUGITIVE SLAVE SONG.

Awake, ye brave freemen, awake from your slumber;
Gird on the whole armour, your duty perform;
The tempest is gathering, we hear Southern thunder,
The bloodhounds are coming, prepare for the storm.

Our rights are in danger from Southern aggression;
We are beginning to feel their tyrannical sway;
We now are the victims of Southern oppression,
For the fugitive hunters are coming this way.

Long have we been waiting, and long have expected
Our rights would be granted, and no more delay;
But, alas for our country! our rights are neglected,
Our liberties measurably taken away.

O, where are our Northern Congressional leaders,
Who should have sustained our liberty cause?
Some of them were dodgers, and some were seceders,
And some have been voting for fugitive laws.

Whilst over our heads our flag is now swaying
And whilst we are boasting of liberty's land,
Hark, ghost in the distance, the bloodhounds are baying,
The slave has escaped from the old tyrant's hand.

Lo, onward he's bounding, his speed is not slacking;
He cries give me death or slavery no more;
While his master's a pursuing, and the rifles are cracking,
Behold he arrives on Her Majesty's shore.

O! could the brave sons of our old revolution,
Who manfully fought in our liberty's cause,
But witness those oceans of blood and pollution,
Arising from Southern tyrannical laws!

Could you witness their spirits, you'd hear them a sighing,
No longer they'd boast of the land of the free,
While they saw the poor fugitive, panting and flying,
And seeking protection in old Canada.

There are a few noble spirits still live in our nation,
Who are pleading the cause of the bond and the free;
To them we must look for our country's salvation,
For the abolition of all slavery.

May Heaven protect them, and give consolation,
And grant that those heroes may ne'er give o'er,
Until Liberty's car shall shall roll through our nation,
And slavery be driven from America's shore.

He hoped the bill would pass, so as to drive slavery from the State of Maine, and likewise every slave-hunter.

Mr. Lincoln, of Hallowell, said he was in favour of the provisions of the bill, and, for the purpose of maturing the same, he moved it be referred to a joint select committee.

The motion prevailed.

IN THE STANDARD of Jan. 2d, we copied from *The* (London) *Empire* a report of a speech of Parker Pillsbury's at the London Conference. As that report, however, was very imperfect, and particularly in that portion referring to the past action of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and the relation of the American Friends to the anti-slavery cause in this country, it has been suggested to us, as the speech has already excited remark, and may excite still more, that it would be well to republish the fuller report given in *The* (London) *Anti-Slavery Advocate.* It will accordingly be found below, and we commend it to the attention of the reader.

Mr. PILLSBURY said he could not but regret that the addendum to the resolution proposed by his esteemed friend, Mr. Bishop, had been withdrawn. Nor did he feel quite sure that it should have been withdrawn even on the conditions proposed by the Rev. Mr. James, of Bristol. Mr. Bishop offered to withdraw the addendum, provided there was nothing on the records of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society dishonourable or derogatory to the character of the American Anti-Slavery Society. My excellent friend, Mr. James, who seconded Mr. Bishop, said he was ready to withdraw his part in the proceeding, if we could have assurance that hereafter all bygones should be bygones, and that henceforth the delegates and representatives of the American Society should always be met and received by the British and Foreign Committee in an honourable and friendly manner; and that Society be recognised and coöperated with, as became the only truly vital anti-slavery instrumentality in the United States. Now, both these gentlemen appear to have been satisfied with the assurance given. I was not. To be sure the secretary said, most emphatically, that no record did exist on the Society's books to which Mr. Bishop could object, But then, Mr. Forster, one of the most prominent of the Executive Committee, tells us that he has his doubts, at least his fears, whether the secretary is right. And, as to the pledge given to Mr. James, I can only say, that I have at least this apprehension of its sincerity. It was only yesterday evening that one of the most distinguished members of the British and Foreign Society—one of the most prominent of its executive—told a friend of mine, that "*no consideration whatever could induce him to recognise the American Anti-Slavery Society*"; and my friend assured me he was *honest* in so speaking. Where, now, is my security that hereafter we are to have any change in the relations or feelings that shall subsist between the American Society and that which has called this Conference? I was invited here as to a meeting that was to harmonize all past differences, and unite all classes of honest and true Abolitionists on both sides of the water. And what are the conditions of that union to be? Sir, the British and Foreign Society, for a course of years, either ignored the American Society almost wholly or else sought only to blast and blacken its character, by false and foul charges of infidelity, and other groundless impeachments. They paid their Secretary, John Scoble, thousands of pounds to do such work. [Mr. Pillsbury was here interrupted by some one, who denied that John Scoble was paid for any such thing.] Mr. Pillsbury resumed. He said, Scoble did the foul work, and was paid by his employers, and without any remonstrance. And besides, members of the Society, and even of the Executive Committee, had often given us in America but too good evidence that no part of the work of their Secretary was more fully approved. Not content with maligning us here at home, Scoble even crossed the Atlantic, and, joining himself with our most inveterate foes, he pursued his avocation there. My friend, George Thompson, had just been with us, and the country was still shaking beneath his mighty tread, from Canada to California. And he, too, was assailed with more malignity than should have pursued a felon. The British and the Foreign Secretary sought to blast and blacken our Society for being what it was not; and George Thompson for being its chosen champion and advocate. And now, at a meeting called to unite all hearts and hands everywhere, in the work of human emancipation, the Society and Committee, whose Secretary did all this evil, are not willing to speak even the name of those who have been thus long and thus greatly wronged; are not willing to speak so much as its name in one of the resolutions. Sir, said Mr. Pillsbury, it seems to me a small favour to ask, after all that has been suffered by that little band of devoted men and women in the United States, from every kind of foe, and from the additional battery opened upon them in this country by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Committe—it seems to me a very small favour to ask that they be now taken by the hand, and honourably introduced to the friends of humanity in the British realm. But that small token of friendly recognition and regard, Mr. Pillsbury said, is denied us. We were thus honourably noticed and printed in one of the resolutions, but we were stricken out. Then a friendly voice is heard, most respectfully asking that we be thus recognised. Another voice is heard seconding the proposal, and most forcibly and eloquently urging its propriety. But it is all to no purpose; and so that little host, of most of whom a far better world than this would not be worthy, must still be un-named in meetings called and controlled by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society; and thus, so far as that Society has power, kept unknown to the world. But this is the *union*, the *fraternization* to which we are invited! [Mr. Pillsbury was here interrupted by Joseph Sturge, who begged that he would come to the subject of the American churches, and tell us what we can do to help to abolish slavery.] Mr. Pillsbury said, having now spoken his convictions on the question which was just before the meeting, he was prepared to do so. And, first, he said, you cannot help us politically, because we cannot help ourselves politically. Slavery being a *State* institution, Congress has no more power to abolish it in the separate States than has your Parliament.

brace the Moslem faith, I should at once go out free; but were I a slave to the President of this American Board, I might become the most eminent saint the world has seen since the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and my sanctity would only enhance my price in the slave-market; for a Christian slave sells for more dollars than any other [hear, hear]. When we, American Abolitionists, had pressed the American Board until they admitted the fact of slaveholding amongst them, we next attacked them for allowing polygamists to belong to their mission churches, and we found them as obstinate on this point as on that of slavery. At their anniversary, in 1847, they spent many days discussing the question whether polygamists should be admitted into their mission churches, and their decision was that the question should be left to the missionaries themselves, and that the Board should take no further action on the subject. The missionaries settled the point by admitting polygamists in at least four instances. Now, with this indisputable fact before me, I venture to assert that this body has no more title to the name of Christian—looking at the way in which it has treated the sacred institution of marriage—than it has when looking at its conduct in relation to the rights of man and the institution of slavery.

The Rev. CUTHBERT YOUNG, of Newcastle-on-Tyne: I have reason to know that that is a misapprehension. Mr. Pillsbury is stating that which is not true [oh, oh]. I do not impute wilful misrepresentation, but I can show from the recent proceeding at Hartford, in Connecticut, that the Board does not deserve the description given of it. I would refer also to a document written by one of the secretaries of the Board. I am sorry I have not the document in my pocket at this moment [order, order]. Our friend's statements are very highly coloured, and I have reason to know that some of them are not at all in accordance with the facts of the case; what he has said about polygamy is one.

The Rev. SAMUEL R. WARD, of Canada, rose and said that, for twenty years, he had been a witness of the battles which had been fought with the American Board upon the matters referred to, and that nothing in American history was more conclusively established or more abundantly authenticated than the facts which had been stated by Mr. Pillsbury. He would tell his friend, Mr. Young, that this question had been again and again discussed when he (Mr. Young) was within the walls of his *Alma Mater* [cheers].

Mr. PILLSBURY: In what I have said, I have but one object, namely, to make you acquainted with the true character of those with whom your churches are in religious fellowship, and I now leave you to determine whether such bodies as I have spoken of deserve to be called Christian. You have hitherto treated them as Christians—you have welcomed their delegations; these delegations have had free access to your pulpits, they have sat at your sacramental boards, and you have in all respects treated them as Christian brethren. You have done this while some of these men had no coats on their backs but stolen coats, and while the jewels which sparkled in their bosoms and on their fingers were nothing but the crystallized tears of mothers, whose babes had been sold in the market to furnish the means of sending these delegates to the churches of Britain [cheers]. My purpose in speaking of the American Board, and their connection with slavery and polygamy, has been to make plain to you in England, what is as plain to us in America as the sun in the heavens, that there are so called religious bodies amongst us, in communion and fellowship with you, who, judged by their principles and practice, are wholly undeserving the name of Christian. When you ask what can you do, I answer, treat the delegates from these bodies as they ought to be treated. You did so in one instance. When the Rev. Dr. Prime was rejected by the British and Foreign Bible Society, because he was the apologist of slavery and the maligner of Mrs. Stowe, it was one of the grandest testimonies ever borne against slavery and in behalf of the anti-slavery cause; and if your churches had but followed the example of O'Connell, and refused to shake hands with slaveholders and their apologists, by this time slavery would have fallen, and its history would have been written to grace or blacken the shelves of the historian [cheers]. And last, but not least, continued Mr. Pillsbury—nay, greatest and more than all—encourage the full, free action of woman. Let me assure you, Mr. Chairman, that the protest which emanated from Stafford House, and was signed by so many thousands of the women of Britain, that single document moved our nation more deeply than all the state papers your whole line of monarchs have graced with the royal seal, since the reign of George III. Oh! that such protests could come thundering over the ocean, with every eastern storm. And I am glad to find that "*British usage*" no longer lords it over woman in conventions, as in 1840. Then such pure and consecrated spirits as Lucretia Mott were voted outside, or into the gallery, on account of their sex. To-day woman stands by our side, delegated to represent by far the most important part of the movement in this country, so far as America is concerned. For she represents that which gives us "the sinews of war," in contributions to the Boston Bazaar. Yes, Sir, woman stands here to-day not by tolerance, but by *right*—not by sufferance, but as an *equal*; equal every way; but in works, in sympathy, in consecration every way our superior. Shaming our commercial calculations by her arithmetic of the conscience, and baffling all our cotton-growing speculations, by her interest and dividend tables, reckoned from the quick throbbings of warm and tender hearts. Never, for the love of God, let the scenes of 1840 be witnessed more. Safer far were it that man should be motionless, if either must, when woman lifts her hand. Better that man be dumb, when she utters her voice. But so it should not be. All may, must act together in this great work of humanity. It will require us all. Let us then stand together in the strife, that hereafter our united anthem of triumph (for God will give us the victory) may swell away to heaven, like the voice of many waters, like the song of the morning stars.

This is a necessarily imperfect sketch of an eloquent and touching speech, which took more than an hour in the delivery, was frequently interrupted by hearty cheers, and appeared to make a strong impression upon the Conference.

INDEPENDENT SLAVERY LECTURES.

ILLNESS OF HON. HENRY WILSON.

THE Lecture by Hon. Henry Wilson, announced for last evening, drew together a very full house at Tremont Temple. William B. Spooner, Esq., presided; and as he came upon the platform, accompanied by the Hon. Lecturer, together with Hon. Charles Sumner, the cheering was long and loud. Mr. Wilson was received with great cheering on being introduced to the audience. He commenced by saying, American slavery, our connection with it and relations to it, and the obligations which these relations impose upon us as men and as citizens, make up the grand and overshadowing issues of this age in America. The transcendent magnitude of these issues is arresting the attention of the profoundest intellects in the country.

This series of lectures was happily conceived and was admirably executed, and it has laid under contribution the talent of the most gifted minds in the country. This course will be fitly closed, in a few days, by that distinguished son of Massachusetts, who is giving to the cause of universal and impartial liberty in America generous learning and inspiring eloquence (applause); one by whose side I shall be proud to battle in the national councils for the promotion of that cause which my heart loves and my judgment approves (applause).

Mr. Wilson said he should speak this evening so that there could be no misapprehension with regard to his sentiments or opinions. If there is one here, said he, who believes that I am capable of modifying my sentiments and opinions which have been cherished by me for nearly twenty years, at home and abroad, in public and in private, before my friends and in the face of enemies, I give him permission to proclaim it—send it abroad on the wings of the wind—that I am fully committed in favour of the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery wherever it exists under the authority of the Constitution of the United States (applause).

Mr. Wilson said the progress of any movement affecting the institutions or political character of a country cannot be measured by days, months or years. By epochs alone can we measure a movement so grand as that of the anti-slavery cause in America. He proposed to compare briefly the position of the anti-slavery cause in 1835 with the same cause in 1855. He had chosen these two periods because they are grand epochs in the anti-slavery movement in the country. To-day, the anti-slavery cause is master of the Republic. It controls fifteen sovereign States of this Union. It has a majority already secured in the popular branch of Congress. It is changing the character of the Senate; it holds the fifteen free States of the Union by nearly 400,000 popular majority.

The anti-slavery movement holds every public man, every political organization in the hollow of its hand; it is master of America! If true to itself, it can grasp the helm of power and guide the ship of State hereafter on her course.

He had selected 1835, because that was a year in which the anti-slavery movement was in its lowest condition. Then was a reign of terror. Public sentiment was against it, churches were against it, every State Legislature in the country was against it.

There was not a public man on the floor of Congress to defend or maintain its doctrines. John G. Whittier, that noble friend of freedom, has strongly and fitly characterized that period. He says:

"To be an Abolitionist then was to abandon all hope of political preferment or party favour; to be marked and branded as a social outlaw, under good society's interdict of food and fire; to hold property, liberty and life itself at the mercy of lawless mobs." "It was emphatically a 'Reign of Terror.'" "To advocate emancipation, or defend those who did so, was like preaching democracy in Constantinople, or religious toleration in Paris on the eve of St. Bartholomew. Law was prostrate in the dust—the few and hunted friends of the slave who, in those nights of terror, laid their heads upon the pillow, did so with the prayer of the Psalmist on their lips, 'Defend me from them that rise up against me; save me from bloody men!'"

The Hon. Lecturer had just read the above extract and was going on to show why this cause has risen to its present position, when he was attacked with a sudden and violent rush of blood to the head, which compelled him to leave his sentence half uttered, and turn and seat himself upon the platform, at the same time manifesting much pain by raising his hands to his temples. He was soon led to the ante-room by Dr. S. G. Howe, Hon. Charles Sumner, and other gentlemen. The incident created considerable sensation for a few moments, until Dr. Howe returned and stated that he hoped Mr. Wilson would be able to go on with the lecture in a few minutes. He returned again, however, in about five minutes and stated the cause of the interruption of the lecture, and also that, though the effect had passed away for the present, yet, in the opinion of his physician, it was not prudent to make any further effort at that time. He said further, that Mr. Wilson was exceedingly unwilling to relinquish the opportunity of saying what he had prepared himself to say, and, therefore, proposed to continue the lecture at some future time, of which due notice would be given.

We learn that Mr. Wilson is not subject to attacks like that of last evening, though he had a similar one about eleven years ago.—*Boston Telegraph, 24th.*

CONVENTION TO HASTEN THE EXTINCTION OF SLAVERY.—A meeting was held on Tuesday, the 13th inst., at three o'clock, P. M., in the basement of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, to consult on the propriety of calling a Convention of Christians, of all evangelical denominations, to be held in this city, in May next, for the purpose of considering what measures ought to be adopted to hasten the extinction of slavery in the United States. The attendance, says the *Central Christian Herald*, was good, nearly all the evangelical churches being represented, and a large number of the ministers being present. After prayer by Rev. Dr. Aydelotte, he was called to the chair. After a full discussion, it was resolved,

1. That it *is* expedient to call a Convention, as above suggested, on the first Wednesday in May next.

2. That the chairman appoint a committee of seven, from different denominations of Christians, to prepare and publish a call for said Convention.

The following gentlemen were appointed: Rev. Professor Day, Rev. Dr. Wilson, Rev. C. B. Boynton, Rev. Wm. G. W. Lewis, Levi Coffin, Rev. J. French and Mr. Joliffe.

The names of Hon. Bellamy Storer and Rev. N. West, Jr., were added by the Convention.—*Western (Cin.) Christian Advocate.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1855.

M. VICTOR SCHŒLCHER.

WE are both proud and happy that we are permitted to be the medium by which the following admirable letter of M. Schœlcher reaches the public eye. It is a defence of the Republicans of Europe from the charge, or the imputation, of indifference to the curse and crime of African Slavery and of a readiness to purchase American help for themselves at the price of silence on American injustice and cruelty. Its text is an earnest and emphatic warning to beware of this temptation, warmly expressed by Mr. Joseph Barker, in a public letter of his, to whom this defence is addressed by M. Schœlcher. The intimations, or assertions, contained in the Manifesto of Mr. George N. Saunders, of last summer, as to the entire willingness of the Republican leaders in Europe to get what American sympathy and assistance they could on these terms, demanded an expression of opinion on the subject from some one of them. A more suitable spokesman than M. Schœlcher could not have been chosen, had he been selected for the purpose by the exiles of political opinion in Great Britain; and, certainly, no one had so eminent a right to volunteer this statement, on his own account and others, as he. The translation of the letter has been sent to us by a well-known Anti-Slavery lady, now resident in Paris, who suggests that this Letter, together with that of Victor Hugo which caused such a fluttering in the Colonization ranks, should make one of the series of Tracts, now printing for gratuitous distribution by the American Anti-Slavery Society. We hope that this suggestion will be considered in the proper quarter. It should be mentioned that we owe the distinction of first publishing M. Schœlcher's Letter to the refusal of the British and Foreign *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, and of the *Morning Advertiser*, to give it a place in their columns. The refusal of the latter is understood to be caused by the remarks of M. Schœlcher touching M. Kossuth. We have heard no suggestion as to what caused its exclusion from the *Reporter*.

We have said that M. Schœlcher was eminently the man to speak for the Democrats of Europe on this particular occasion. His services, both in the cause of Emancipation and of Republicanism, fitted him for the service in an especial manner. For many years previous to the Revolution of 1848, M. Schœlcher had made the question of French Slavery his *specialité*, the problem to the solution of which he had particularly devoted his attention. In the pursuit of his inquiries into this matter, he had visited in person the French Colonies, and possessed himself of all the facts and arguments bearing on the case. His labours had unquestionably been greatly instrumental in preparing the public mind of France for the glorious Act which alone would make the Provisional Government memorable in all time. By the cheerful acknowledgment of MM. Lamartine and Arago, it was owing to him chiefly that the brief Republic was so gloriously inaugurated by the Instant Emancipation of all the Slaves of France. As an Abolitionist, then, M. Schœlcher is made known by his works, and is deserving of the gratitude and admiration of all lovers of impartial Liberty throughout the world. His sympathy with the Anti-Slavery Movement in this country has ever been earnest and well-informed. Master of the facts, and looking at our history in the light of our professions, he has a full and intelligent acquaintance with our national entanglements and complicities with Slavery, such as is possessed by not many European observers. It is not strange, then, that he should hasten to deny, on his own behalf and that of his fellow-sufferers, the proclivities attributed to them by Mr. Saunders, the self-appointed adviser of the oppressed Nationalities of Europe.

Whether it was that M. Schœlcher was made a Republican through his experience as an Abolitionist, or whether the tendencies and principles which had made him receive the doctrine of the Right of Self-Government guided him also to the necessary deductions of Anti-Slavery, we cannot say. But that he is a Republican in the highest and justest sense of the word—a word that we have done so much in this country to make a term of shame and reproach—his whole public life and his present exile bear witness before all Europe and the world. A member of the Assembly, he was always found among the most strenuous asserters of the largest personal liberty consistent with the general safety. At the time of the *Coup d'Etat*, he was among the first to risk his life in the attempts made to check that Atrocity by an appeal to arms. When the legions of the Usurper had proved too strong for the undisciplined valour of the Republicans, no one was sought after with greater earnestness by the tools of the tyrant than he. Escaping their pursuit, he has lived ever since in London, as faithful a devotee to rational liberty in his exile as when promoting the Emancipation of the Blacks, or organizing the Liberties of the Whites, or presenting his breast to the bullets of the Pratorian Guards of the bastard Bonaparte on the Barricades of Paris, as a testimony against his Crime. Soon after that act was completed, M. Schœlcher published, in London, a Descriptive Account of the particulars of its perpetration, under the title of "*Les Crimes du Deux Décembre*," which will furnish, perhaps, the most authentic material to the future historian for that passage in the history of France.

We are sure that we need say no more to insure for this letter a careful perusal on the part of all our readers. They will be struck by the identity of views between this distant observer of our Polity and those held by the extremest wing of the Abolitionists. It is not easy for contemporaries to obtain a stand-point from which to see themselves as others see them. The Ocean between puts the European observer somewhat in the position of a contemporary posterity. The attitude of the Abolitionists, standing by the side of the slave and striving to look at all things affecting his condition, with his eyes, gives them a somewhat similar remoteness, and a consequent clearness of vision as to the proportions of actions and events. And the agreement between the results of the two observations is a striking testimony to their common correctness. In these days of sham Democracy and of counterfeit Republicanism, it is consoling to know of the existence of a consistent man, whose public principles have stood the test of temporary success, of defeat, of personal danger, of exile. We trust and believe that we shall yet see M. Schœlcher restored to his country and engaged in securing for her the blessings of rational Liberty, and in proving on the continent of Europe, what we have failed to do in America, the capacity of Man to govern himself, and to secure his own Rights, without stripping his brother men of theirs.

EUROPEAN REPUBLICANS AND AMERICAN SLAVERY.

LONDON, July 30th, 1854.

MR. JOSEPH BARKER, *Batley, Staffordshire.*

DEAR SIR: Permit me, in the name of our common cause, to express the regret I experienced on reading the following sentence in your letter of the 29th of July to a London journal: "Woe to the Democrats of Europe if they covenant with the slaveholders of America to keep silence on the greatest wrong ever done to humanity."

And can it be that you admit such a possibility? I read the letter in which Mr. George N. Saunders, formerly United States Consul in London, attributes to European Democrats the resolution of giving a bill of indemnity to American slavery, but it did not seem to me necessary to protest against an assertion which is contradicted by our doctrines and by our daily actions.

Hardly six months ago, Victor Hugo, in his sublime volume, *Les Châtiments*, renewed his claim of Liberty for the Slave. The inspired revolutionary poet beholds in vision the coming day of universal freedom,

"When Europe shall blush that she once had kings,
And Columbia, in shame, say 'I once had slaves!'"

It is true I am not one of the leaders of the Republican party, but I know them all, and have the certainty that I do not come into collision with their opinion by what I have said in the pamphlet which I have just published on the danger to England of an alliance with the men of the *Coup d'Etat:* "The democratic Colossus of the New World, proud, ardent, full of faith in his high destinies, will one day save the Old World from royal and imperial tyranny, even if England should relinquish the noble task; but he must first cleanse himself from the leprosy of slavery. Until then, the martyrs of Liberty, to whom America opens her mighty arms, find themselves not only far from their native land and from their dearest hopes, but made the reluctant witnesses of the sufferings and debasement of three millions of their fellow-beings."

In the 4th volume of his History of the Revolution, which has just appeared, Louis Blanc, speaking of St. Domingo, adds: "The abolition of slavery is one of the great acts which will illustrate the history of the Provisional Government to the eyes of posterity, and by which it will be judged when parties shall have disappeared from the scene and the voice of contemporary passion shall be hushed. May the Republicans of America hasten to follow the example set them by the Republicans of France!"

Thus you see, my dear sir, that the Republicans of Europe, in the midst of their political preoccupations, found means to attack American slavery at the very moment when Mr. Saunders so unjustifiably announced that we were paltering with this social crime.

Since I am led to speak of the letter that the late Consul addressed to "L. Kossuth and others" (*what others?*), let us examine it a little. He says: "From my repeated interviews with you all, and our close and earnest discussion of all the leading points of your policy, I have felt authorized to say that it is your deliberate judgment that any European interference with American internal affairs was in opposition to the principles of the Democratic statesmen of Italy, Hungary, France, Poland and Germany. I stated, as the sentiment of the European Republican leaders in London, that they have faith in the honour and generosity and justice of the Southern States, that they will do of themselves what is right in regard to the slave."

Strange to say, all this is given as the idea of "the representatives of Jeffersonian Republicanism in Europe." Now, behold how Jefferson paints one of the effects of slavery: "The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on one part, and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it, for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave, he is learning to do what he sees others do. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in a smaller circle of slaves, gives a loose to his worst passions, and, thus nursed, educated and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped with odious peculiarities"—"He must be a prodigy whose morals and manners do not become utterly depraved under such influences."

It is evident that Mr. George N. Saunders—who does not hesitate to say that slavery "raises the negroes to a highly respectable grade of civilization and Christianity"!!—is labouring also under a delusion as to what our statesmen have said to him about it.

We have also a right to accuse him of want of clearness, when he states that "the Republican leaders in London consider as opposed to their principles all European intervention in the internal affairs of the United States." Does he mean that they will never send an armed force to the United States to deliver the slaves? If that is what he means by interference, so be it. We are agreed. No one here has had, or ever will have, an idea so absurd in itself, and so little likely to be successful, as an attack of this kind upon so formidable a power as the great American Confederation. But if Mr. Saunders thinks he has it from our *leaders* that it makes a part of their policy to keep silence on slavery, and to do nothing morally to obtain its abolition, I maintain that he is altogether mistaken. Until some one of them arise to disprove my words, I shall continue to affirm that, with all due respect between Democrat and Democrat, there exists not a man in the whole rank and file of European Democracy, chief or soldier, famous or obscure, who consents to a truce with slavery, whether black or white, on whatever spot on the globe it still exists.

I would cast no suspicion on the veracity of Mr. Saunders. I only say *he is mistaken.* In effect (except M. Kossuth, who is not, I believe, republican), he *names* no one of those to whom he addresses his letter. He contents himself with saying "to M. Kossuth and *others.*" What others? I again demand: for, while he cites no other adhesion to his ideas, the inference must be drawn that he has not obtained a second. It is the only natural inference. What Republican would undertake to close his eyes to "the generosity and the justice of the slaveholders," who hunt men with dogs, *over all the territory of the Confederation*—who fire—oh, shame!—upon negroes in search of their liberty as if they were wild beasts in the woods! who sell, like cattle, in the public market, the little children they tear from the mother's arms!—who lash reluctant women to the cane-field as if they were oxen or horses!—who have obtained from Congress the execrable Fugitive Slave law!—among whom, in fine, there are found twelve jurymen and a Judge to condemn to prison Mrs. Douglass for teaching children to read! . . . .

An institution of this monstrous character, by which men are raised to *this* "so highly respectable degree of civilization and Christianity," is no less an offence to democracy than to humanity; and all republican Europe, alike chief and soldier, rebukes and detests it; and he would be no Republican who should cease, in view of any consideration whatever, to manifest his pity for the victims, and his deep sympathy for the American Abolitionists—those noble-hearted and courageous men who are trying to make their country worthy of herself, by labouring for the extinction of slavery.

Master and *despot* are synonymous; and if we did not know that servitude perverts the master still more than the slave, we should be utterly unable to conceive that it could be laid down as an obligation under the law of nations that the American *master* shall be exempt from censure among the enemies of all despotism. But this is an affair with which the law of nations has nothing to do. Even the presses and the officials of one country have ever held themselves at liberty to judge the institutions and the acts of other countries. Did not John Adams and George Washington blame exceedingly the course of our great revolution? And here, again, behold the effects of slavery: it puts into the head of an American radical the idea of erecting, by democratic agreement, a Chinese wall between the nations.

As to myself personally, though I have not the pretension of being one of the leaders of the Republican party, I shall always, in my humble sphere, condemn the course recommended to us by Mr. Saunders. I am a man: it is, therefore, my imperative duty to take an interest in all men who suffer. I am a Republican: it is, therefore, my imperative duty to seek, everywhere, the deliverance of the enslaved. Devotedness to the white man does not imply the exclusion of the black man from its exercise; and I strongly suspect the sincerity of those who say we have enough to do for the one without busying ourselves with the other. While abstaining, therefore, from taking a direct part in the struggle which unhappily divides the States on a question of pure humanity, I shall never cease to brand slavery as altogether vile, and to deplore that a Republic should sustain for one moment an institution as barbarous as it is immoral. And thus I shall ever act, as much out of consideration for the United States as out of love for the slaves. I know only too well how powerful an argument Monarchists of all shades find against our political faith in the knout of the slaveholder, preëminent amidst the emblems of the great American Confederation.

I do not fear contradiction when I state that these are the views of all the Republicans of Europe. With them, principle is above all other things. With them, politics is not the science of circumstances, but the knowledge of Liberty, Truth and Eternal Right. They know that to compromise with evil is to become its accomplice, and they do not choose to be parties to an outrage perpetrated against entire humanity, in the person of the negro, by the descendants of Jefferson! European Democracy needs the aid of the United States, but it becomes a duty to renounce it if it can only be obtained by a compromise with slavery. For a party, as for nations and for individuals, the first, the greatest, the most essential interest is the preservation of honour: and honesty will ever finally prove the best policy.

But we have faith in the honour of the Americans. We do not believe that slavery is the object of their preference. So far from it, we believe that an immense majority among them consider it as a fatal heritage of the past, at which they blush, and from which they would fain be delivered. We believe, moreover, that when they shall judge the time to have arrived to aid us in founding the REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE, they will not hesitate, though they know that we are decided to demand, through moral influence, liberty for ALL men, without distinction of race or colour.

I most willingly authorize you, my dear sir, to make what use you judge proper of this letter, and beg you to believe me yours, sincerely,

VICTOR SCHŒLCHER.

THE TRUE CHURCH.

IT has been the fortune of Epicurus (who declared happiness the greatest good, and the highest object of human pursuit) to have two sets of disciples, very different in character and life, though alike venerating his name, and claiming to be his true followers. Both called Epicurus the greatest of teachers, and his doctrine the best rule of conduct; but one understood by "happiness" a present enjoyment, sought in the gratification of the senses, while the other considered it an inward tranquillity, to be expected only from rectitude of soul.

Fancy Epicurean No. I., sitting, after dinner, with his pipe and bottle, and gravely commenting on Epicurean No. II., to this effect, that he had good points, and was, no doubt, a sincere and well-meaning person, and praiseworthy in his veneration of Epicurus, but that all this would avail him little until he adopted the true sensual version of the great Master's teachings, and joined the wine-bibbing fellowship.

That which we have thus imagined among the pupils of the heathen philosopher, we see actually realized among the people who call themselves Christians. The followers of Jesus of Nazareth exhibit the same variety of character, and the same diversity of precept and practice under a unity of name, with those of Epicurus; and we have constantly before us the humiliating spectacle of large bodies of men claiming outside, ritual and ceremonial observances as the distinctive marks of Christianity, while they disparage, in comparison, the very things which Jesus himself declared to be its substantial and essential characteristics.

In *The Independent* of March 15th is a letter describing the public reception of Anthony Burns in Boston, on his return from slavery, from which the following is an extract:

"Perhaps the most edifying trait in the meeting was its evident subjection to the spirit and control of the Christian Church. It helped the great hope that the humane movements of modern society will yet take their reverent and right places, within the Eternal Fold, under the Master's eye. If African Emancipation, if Temperance, if International Arbitration, if Lodging-houses, Reform-schools, and Kansas Emigration, are 'forces of the Gentiles' at all, the sooner they 'come bending' to the Divine Lord of the race, and confess allegiance to the Organized Power of Spiritual Life in which He dwells as its Head, the sooner they will achieve their desired victories. One of the grand functions of Christ's Church, in these days, is to gather back, under her marshalling and mighty hand, those noble but wayward impulses, those generous but impatient spirits, those reformatory but sometimes refractory philanthropists, who are priests without consecration, Nazarites in all but the sacred vow, and who damage their own moral ability, more than they have yet found out, by deserting the Sanctuary. The disinterested Gospel is perfectly willing anybody should borrow its capital; and it only asks the honourable acknowledgment of a true gratitude for payment. Men that stand on Christ's side must feel, more and more, how shameful it is that some of the best engines for the social amelioration of this world should have been slipped clear of the one All-originating Power, and should now be running, though with constantly diminishing momentum, on their own secular track; that men should be found more ready to visit the sick, feed the hungry, and rescue the slave, as Odd-Fellows, as Free-masons, as Leaguers, as Abolitionists, than simply as fellow-disciples of Jesus. The fault is not all with the outside parties. And it is getting mended. Prophecy is fulfilled. We will not despair of seeing P. Pillsbury and William Lloyd Garrison and Theodore Parker—or at least their natural successors—rendering the tribute of thanksgiving for the conquest of Freedom to the Crucified Redeemer and the Everlasting Intercessor. 'The dromedaries of Midian shall come—and the rams of Nebaioth shall minister.'

"The reception-meeting, so far as it went, encouraged these tendencies. It aided one to believe that there is as sound an anti-slavery sentiment within the Church as without. The arrangements had been clearly made by gentlemen that respect the institutions of our religion. There was a good sprinkling of clergymen on the platform. Deacon Palmer presided. Rev. R. H. Neale offered prayer. Excellent brother Grimes, of the coloured church, told the story of the purchase, with an honest pleasure in the result, not unmixed with a simple pride that Providence had given him a share in such great things. Rev. Mr. Kirk spoke—spoke good Northern doctrine, and spoke it remarkably well."

It is curious and instructive to see that, from the theological stand-point of this critic, the Burns meeting was sanctified, not by its good purpose, nor by the thoroughness with which that purpose was accomplished, but by the presence and supervision of certain ecclesiastical persons. A deacon presided; a Reverend offered prayer; another (who, being a coloured man, is spoken of in a manner half sneering, half patronizing) told the story; a third made remarks; and there was also "a good sprinkling of clergymen on the platform." These things made the meeting a satisfactory one; and the humane movements of modern society, the efforts for Emancipation, Peace, Temperance, and improvement in Education and social life, will *not* be satisfactory until they, in like manner, make themselves subservient to the clergy, and ancillary to the Church. It is difficult to decide whether this statement is most fitted to astound by its impudence or amuse by its absurdity. The Good Samaritan is complained of for doing his function to the wounded traveller, before having first asked leave of the Priest and the Levite, who have mutely refused their own aid, and passed by on the other side. Nay, perfectly to parallel our modern experience, the Priest and the Levite should be represented as throwing stones at the Good Samaritan; for the opponents of slavery and war have found the bitterest and most persistent antagonism among the clergy and in the Church. These not only neglected the labours of humanity and philanthropy, but hindered and vilified those who did engage in them; and their advocate now complains that men who find the Church too corrupt for them to join should take the liberty to do good at their own cost, without asking the Church's leave.

It seems never to have entered the minds of this set that that Jesus, whose name they so often take in vain, and whose followers they so falsely pretend to be, bestowed his strongest denunciations upon their class; that he spoke ten times against the Jewish "professors of religion," the Scribes, Pharisees, Priests and Levites, for once against the drunkards, publicans, harlots, and other secular sinners; that the parable of the Good Samaritan was expressly aimed at the clergy of his day, condemning their neglect of works of benevolence, and praising, as his true followers, those whom they despised and stigmatized as heretics; and that the clerical mummery which formed the chief satisfaction of the critic abovementioned, at the Burns meeting, would have seemed its chief defect to the excommunicated Nazarene.

This sort of exaltation of the form of religion in comparison with its substance, nay, even while depreciating its substance, is too common in ordinary theological papers to call for particular comment; but in *The Independent* it is made noteworthy by the fact that that paper has of late made some appreciable progress towards the Christian idea of judging a tree by its fruit; that it has seemed to understand the accuracy of James's definition of "pure religion and undefiled," and of Christ's allotment of the Kingdom of Heaven to those who have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and helped the sick and the prisoner. We commend to its editors and correspondents the consideration that if form is to be separated from substance, the latter is the better of the two; but that any real substance is likely to carry its own and its appropriate form with it.

CASE OF ONESIMUS.

OF all the slanders uttered by infidels against the Bible, and calculated to excite disgust against Christianity itself, there is, perhaps, no one so malignant in its character, and so dangerous in its tendency, as the attempt to prove that the holy Apostle Paul was a *slave-catcher!* A fugitive slave, residing in Rome, is attracted by the Apostle's preaching, becomes a Christian, and, in confidence, reveals his escape to his spiritual father. That father, availing himself of his power over the poor man's conscience, and in the exercise of his apostolic authority, sends back the helpless convert to bonds and stripes, and thus confers a favour on his good and rich friend Philemon, who, he finds, is the owner of the now Christian fugitive!! Rarely, indeed, do even our own kidnappers equal in turpitude the inspired Apostle as thus represented; and, be it remembered, this representation of Paul's conduct is given not by professed infidels, but by our pro-slavery divines! Let us see how a German Doctor of Divinity views the case.

A Life of Toussaint L'Ouverture has recently been published by the Rev. John R. Beard, D.D., member of the Historico-Theological Society of Leipsic, &c. In this work, the author combats the Cotton Divinity of the day. The following extract in regard to Onesimus will be found to merit the attention of the *New York Observer* and its patrons.

"You point me to the conduct of Paul. You tell me that Paul sent back Onesimus into slavery. I reply that the Epistle to Philemon is a plea against slavery. In that letter, there is, first, the distinct assertion of a right. It is the right of Paul to claim the freedom of Onesimus. On what was that right founded? On Christ. Paul, Philemon and Onesimus were in Christ partners, they were sharers of a common Gospel. Such is the meaning of the term 'partner,' employed by Paul, in the 17th verse. As having in common 'the redemption that was in Christ Jesus,' they were alike free. Onesimus, in consequence, had a claim to be pronounced free, and that claim Paul was at full liberty to urge on Philemon.

"I make this statement on the authority of the Apostle's own words, as they are found in the 8th verse of the Epistle—'though I might be much bold in Christ to enjoin thee that which is convenient.' 'Convenient,' with us, is a most inadequate expression, at least in the sense in which it is now understood, signifying that which is obligatory. The Greek word used by Paul denotes that which is fit and proper, and is rendered, Col. v. 18, by the English term *fit*, 'Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as *it is fit* in the Lord.' That, in this injunction, the Apostle spoke of *duty* and not of any temporary expediency, is clear from the corresponding passage in his letter to the Ephesians—'Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands as *unto the Lord.*' It is then a Christian obligation which Paul had the right to urge on Philemon, for thus, when exactly translated, do his words run, 'having much boldness in Christ to enjoin on thee that which is proper.' It is *duties* that are enjoined, not expediency. As an inspired expounder of Christian rights and duties, Paul declares he might, with full freedom of speech, require Philemon to declare Onesimus free. But it would be more kind, more Christian-like, to give Philemon the opportunity of doing what was right of his own accord, from his own sense of justice, from his own recognition of Christian principles, and *therefore*—to use Paul's own words—'Yet for love's sake I rather beseech thee, for without thy mind would I do nothing, that the benefit should not be as it were of *necessity*, but willingly.' No—do you, by your own act, pronounce his freedom, not as if constrained by duty enforced by me, but as prompted by Christian principle and Christian love abounding in your own heart.

"There is a sort of tacit appeal to principles recognised in common by the three persons concerned. They are quietly put forth in the words, 'Receive him forever, not now as a servant, but above a servant—a brother beloved.' The original is yet more forcible, 'No longer as a servant.' The same great fact is intimated in the words 'forever'—'that thou shouldest receive him forever.' The bond which binds beloved brethren is as permanent as life, as long as eternity. Mark with what emphasis the Apostle adds to this claim of brotherhood, 'a brother beloved'; 'beloved especially to me, yet how much more unto thee'? Free, indeed, Onesimus was in the court of conscience with both Paul and Philemon. It only remained for the latter to *pronounce* him free. Did Paul send Onesimus back into slavery? No, he sent him back to claim and receive his freedom.

"Send Onesimus back into slavery! Paul sent him back into the warm embrace of a brother's love. He believed that brother would do even more than Christian duty required. Yes, he was of opinion that Philemon would not only emancipate him, but treat him as 'a brother beloved.' The example of Paul and Philemon! Would that it were followed. Plead it, ye advocates of slavery; do more than plead it, make it the model of your own conduct. To what is it *ye* send back the slave? Not to a loving brother, but to a hard task-master; not to a happy home, but a dungeon and stripes; not to Christian freedom, but to heathen bondage and brutish toil, licentiousness and degradation."

CUBA AND THE ADMINISTRATION.—No. II.

WHAT are the means of escaping from the American house of bondage? There are none whatever, except the pole star and the protection of Queen Victoria. While we have adopted, practically, all the rigours of Roman law, we have effaced nearly every vestige of its alleviations. They did once exist, to some extent, in the Louisiana territory, with a very important amelioration engrafted upon them by the Code Noir of Louis XIV., viz., that the children of slaveholders by their slaves should, together with their mothers, be free. This was the reason why so numerous and intelligent a body of mulattoes, with *Oge* and *Petion* to lead them, were found in Hayti at the time of the revolution, and why New Orleans has been renowned for its beautiful free quadroons. But the States formed out of that territory, under the severe dispensation of American republicanism, have, long ago, extinguished every spark of humanity which Roman and Bourbon despotism had kept alive. Perhaps ten more States are to take their track. At this time, there is not a slave State in which a legal presumption in favour of liberty is permitted to exist; consequently, men are not held to be free until they are proved to be slaves, but are held to be slaves until they are proved to be free! There is not one of those States, except Delaware, which has not interposed positive impediments to emancipation, however much a conscience-stricken master may desire it. By their laws, he may do anything under heaven to his slave except to set him free. He may make chattels (which means *cattle*) of as many men as he pleases, but he is not allowed to make one man of a chattel. This prerogative of despotism, never questioned before in any country, and the only one ever questioned in this, cannot be exercised without transporting the chattel to a free or foreign State.

Once we were in company, at Cairo, in the State of Illinois, with a Mississippi slaveholder, whom we had endeavoured to aid in the matter of manumitting three slaves, a mother and her two children, of which he was the father. The affair got wind rather prematurely, by his inviting his host to be present as a witness and subscribe the deed of manumission. This person, a native of Connecticut, meanly gathered together a gang of his guests and neighbours, the most conspicuous of whom were from that State and the city of New York, and threatened the Mississippian with a lynching if he proceeded to execute the deed. He told them that the woman was his *property*, that he had a right to do as he pleased with his own, and he swore such an oath, as none but those "to the manner born" can swear, that he would die before he would submit to their dictation. This speech acted like a charm. It flashed upon the minds of the Yankees that the question was, in reality, a question of the master's power, not of the freedom of the slave. Possibly this casuistry, so convenient for covering their retreat, was a little quickened by a vague idea of danger, for there was daredevilry in his look, with pistol and a priming of liquor in his action. The deed was executed, but it could not obtain the countenance of an attesting signature from one of the inhabitants. If the act had been performed in the manumittor's own State, it would have been null and void.

But all American slave States have not contented themselves with passing mere Legislative acts to obstruct and prevent emancipation. Several of them have prohibited it by their constitutions, except for distinguished services to the master or the State, and directed that it shall then be granted only by special act of the Legislature. A still larger class have capped the climax by forbidding, with like solemnity, the *Legislature* to emancipate without the consent of the master, and the *master* to emancipate without the leave of the Legislature! The intertwistings of a nest of rattlesnakes seems to us a fair image of such an odious compact. Mr. Benton, our hopeful anti-slavery neophyte, has braved the condemnation of Christendom, and we think also of decent heathen, by boasting that he was the mover of such a provision in the Constitution of Missouri. Perhaps Mr. Badger's rather surprising amendment to the Kansas-Nebraska iniquity was intended to prevent the possibility of the revival, under the old French law, of so inconvenient a heresy as natural affection.

There are no Spanish laws, and none ever disgraced the Inquisition, prohibiting a human being from learning to *read, write* or acqu

American planters on the island, the law is that the sufferer may make complaint to the *Capitan del Partido*, and if the complaint shall, upon investigation, be sustained, he is transferred to another master, and in aggravated cases set at liberty forever. A like law prevailed in the French colonies, and prevails in Brazil. It had its origin in the justice and tenderness of the Roman Emperor Antonius Pius, sometimes called the Beneficent.

Now, let the reader compare with this description of Cuban slave discipline, or with any description of it which can be found, the thumb-screws, fetters, drag-chains, coffle-chains, goose-yokes, auctions, cowhides, cart-whips, the lashes, forty save one to five hundred, the paddlings with cold water and with hot, the cat-haulings and the brine, turpentine and red pepper laid to the lacerations and gashes, in the United States; and remember that death frequently ensues from these democratic measures. Let him compare it with Mr. Garrison's monthly calend r of crime in the South, which ought to be reproduced in an Annual for American centre tables. Let him remember, moreover, that from this galling, grinding, crushing system, there is no door of escape.

> Let sorrow bathe each blushing cheek,
> Bend piteous o'er the tortured slave,
> Whose wrongs compassion cannot speak,
> Whose only refuge is the grave.
>
> D. L. C.

From our Southern Correspondent.

New Orleans, March 10, 1855.

WHY NORTHERN TRAVELLERS IN THE SOUTH OFTEN CHANGE THEIR OPINIONS ON THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY—RETRACTION.

Editors of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

In your article on the reply of Mr. Wise, of Virginia, to the Reverend Bind-the-weak-in-chains Adams, of Massachusetts, the author of an avowedly one-sided View of Slavery, you remarked, if I rightly remember, that it was almost a profanation of human intellect to argue with slaveholders, and that men should refrain from speaking to them in any other language than in that of stern, uncompromising Denunciation. You err. Demagogues like Henry A. Wise; or the sensual-faced traitor, Nebraska Douglas; or that petty, shuffling politician, Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, whose soul is at least of fifty weather-cocks power; or James Gordon Bennett, the greatest journalist, but most contemptible public man of the country and generation—these and such as these should every Northern man allude to and address in the most fervid language of loathing, pity, or contempt. They are bad men, and ought to be hurled into oblivion. They would leave the Senate and sanctum for the sanctum's and Senate's good.

Nor should other men, of greater respectability, whose moral character is high in the community in which they live, escape the denunciation which Tyranny merits, if, by their ignorance and criminal carelessness in investigation, they be led to exert their influence in favour of an institution which degrades one race, distracts another, and disgraces our National name and democratic government throughout the entire world—blighting humanity's hopes as its ill-fame travels.

Denounce—denounce—but argue also. For, in spite of all your denunciation, there are thousands who will persist in believing that Adams and Cox* speak truly of slavery, unless you can account for their assertions and refute them. Their conversion has already become an argument in favour of slavery. For example: a Yankee renegade, whom I met in South Carolina, and who told me that he had once been an Abolitionist, although he was now a pro-slavery politician, after failing to convince me of the Divine origin of slaveholders, or satisfactorily replying to my anti-slavery arguments, concluded our conversation on the subject in these words:

"Well, you'll not hold these opinions long; at least if you stay in the South. No Northerner does. If the niggers were as badly treated as the Abolitionists say they are, or if slavery was as diabolical an institution as they try to make out—*what's the reason that all the Northerners who come South with your notions go back with different opinions?* There's Dr. Cox, for instance."

I purpose to answer this question, at length.

First—Because Northernets retain their prejudices of race, and, therefore, never ascertain the true sentiments of the slaves. I have heard ladies of the North declare that they had asked Southern slaves if they would prefer freedom to bondage; and that they were astonished at receiving a negative reply. I have heard the same question asked in the slave States, in order to convince me of the contentment of the negroes with their lot, and have heard it answered negatively—as the interrogator desired. But from the same slave, when we were alone, I have listened to a sad lament that freedom had never been and never could be his. *I* did not ask as if I honoured the African by speaking to him, nor did I speak in a careless or patronizing tone. My birth, education and life had made me an "incarnation of Democracy"—I don't mean locofocoery—and I spoke to the slave as a Democrat to a Democrat. This circumstance accounts for the difference of statements made by the same person. "Topsy's" remark about Miss 'Phelia's aversion to her is a true touch of negro nature. I have often said already that very few slaves answered in favour of freedom when I first asked them if they were anxious for emancipation. I have spoken long and confidentially with at least several hundreds of slaves; and never yet have I met with one who did not finally confess that he was longing for Liberty. But I spoke to them as to Men—not as to Slaves.

Second—Because Northerners generally confine themselves to cities, and judge of the condition of country slaves from that of the Bondsmen of the towns. This is a great error and the spring of unnumbered falsehoods. Plantation slaves form the majority of the Three Millions in the Union. They are the most degraded class of Southern negroes. They either work under their "boss," or an overseer, or are hired out by their owners to planters at a stipulated sum a year. The "tar, pitch and turpentine" planters, or rather plantation lease-holders, of North Carolina are principally supplied with their "hands" from Virginia. Their masters in the Old Dominion often own no land—but live by hiring out their human stock from year to year. These negroes return regularly at Christmas to see their wives and little ones—if not sold—and to be hired out again.

Plantation slaves, when working under their owner, are more kindly treated, on an average, than when governed by an overseer. Slaves have told me so. Cotton, Tobacco, Rice and Sugar plantation slaves are worked from sun to sun. Their food and lodging varies very much. They are not so well fed as (they could not be *worse* lodged than) the Turpentine-plantation and Railroad hands; but in one respect their condition is vastly preferable. They have wives on these plantations; while, from Christmas to Christmas, many of the slaves in the pineries and on the Railroads of North Carolina never see them.

Country slaves, as a class, very seldom, indeed, have any money. I once met a Railroad hand who had saved $11; but he was regarded as the Black Rothschild of the gang.

City slaves, on the contrary, are invariably well-clad. They get enough to eat; they often save money. I have met slaves—remember, *City* slaves—who owned property, and had "cash in hand," also. In cities, slaves are generally allowed to "hire their own time." That is to say, they give their master a certain sum per month; and all that they make over that sum is their own. As negroes are usually a temperate and economical class of citizens, the Southern City slaves sometimes save money enough by this means to purchase their freedom.

What, therefore, is true of city slaves is false when applied to all slaves. Let not this fact be forgotten by the friends of the African in the Northern States.

Third—Because Northerners are gradually and insensibly influenced by the continual repetition of arguments in favour of slavery; the more especially as they never heard, except in the news summaries, the counter-arguments of the anti-slavery party. Beattie, in his book on the formation of opinions, ably notices this characteristic of the human mind. What we hear often, we at length begin to believe. In the South, we hear only one side of the question of slavery, and are gradually drawn to it. During my first visit to the South, I was greatly influenced by the stream of statements and sophistries that perpetually flowed into my ear from the lips of my slaveholding friends. I believed many of their audacious assertions, and my anti-slavery zeal was greatly diminished by them. I never thought that slavery was right; but I did think that the slaves were happy and contented. I *don't* think so now. I *know* they are not.

In one of my letters I said that I would vote for the admission of Cuba even with the Institution of Slavery, and gave an anti-slavery reason for my intended conduct. I retract that statement. I would not vote for the admission of another slave State on any terms. *I have met the Fillibusters here!*

John Ball, Jr.

SLAVERY AND ITS DEFENDERS IN ST. LOUIS.

Correspondence of The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Alton, Ill., March 9th, 1855.

Having been, fortunately or unfortunately, I can scarcely tell which, a sojourner in the great city of St. Louis for the last two months, I have been witness to some things that made me blush for the North and its apostate children. The city has been full of Lecturers—a majority Northern (or Eastern) men—selected with great care, lest some one among them should dare utter an anti-slavery sentiment. The Young Men's Christian Association, eminently pious and eminently pro-slavery, invited the Rev. Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox to give them a Course of Lectures on History. His arrival was announced by a great flourish of trumpets through the press of the city. One paper, *The Morning Herald* (probably for effect), proclaimed him an Abolitionist; whereupon the whole public were astounded by the cries of his friends in denial. *Democrat*, *Republican*, *News* and *Intelligencer*, all were paragraphed in aid of the Dr. Then he, poor man, fearing that somebody might believe the falsehood, came out, in his published speech, delivered last October before some Christian Board, in which he clearly proves he is not an Abolitionist, and utterly repudiates all claims to humanity. The public sympathized with the slandered man, and turned out in crowds to listen to his "*masterly eloquence*." Then, to prove himself a Simon-pure Christian and lover of his fellows, he gave a Benefit Lecture, on Poetry, for the "School of Industry for Girls," which is quite a pet institution among the aristocratic ladies. He snubbed the Universalists and Unitarians, denounced the Abolitionists, anathematized "the Preachers," sneered at "Woman's Rights," scouted Spiritualism, and made himself decidedly popular with the Christian people by utterly opposing everything reformatory. He declared that he *hated innovations* (such as Abolitionism, Woman's Rights and Temperance, I suppose); declared that woman's sphere was at home (as if anybody ever denied it, if she have a home and duties there that are above all others, as most women and men too have); let slip, in almost every lecture, some off-hand squib at the disturbers of the glorious Union; published a long letter in the Whig paper, the *Republican*, to the Rev. Dr. Adams, of Boston, congratulating him on the excellence of his book endorsing slavery; preached Sunday mornings and Sunday evenings; strutted up and down platforms, flourished and flirted his white pocket-handkerchief, quoted poetry, and, after a month's stay, during which he was toasted and puffed, till done brown, by the admirers of "our peculiar institutions," published his card of compliments and thanks; and, promising to come again, left the people to mourn their irreparable loss!

I could not help comparing this *professed* follower of Jesus with Jesus himself. The latter "went about doing good," healing the sick, comforting the afflicted, and setting the prisoners free. He taught equal rights to all people. But the Rev. Dr. Cox has found a better wisdom, and, much like the Pharisees of old, "devours widows' houses, and for a pretence makes long prayers"; hates innovators, who ask that the widows of our land be protected; makes lectures for the benefit of the little girls, whom the city License Law has reduced to paupers, but advocates slavery, that says negroes have no right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—that they may be bought and sold, and that it is unlawful to teach them even to read—that virtue and chastity are not necessary for black or even white folks, if slave-born, and that, summing all up, slavery is a blessing to the black, and, under Divine Providence, the means of Christianizing the heathen. Such is the teaching that your Northern men bring to Missouri!

A lady, too, Mrs. Sarah M. Shepherd, claiming Connecticut as her home, came to talk on Temperance, told her congregation she never talked on "Woman's Rights, 'cause she did n't believe in 'em"—(of course she must be an advocate for woman's wrongs, and so it proved)—said she "was not an Abolitionist, did n't know nothing about Abolitionism, did n't want anybody's '*niggers*,' but expected if anybody would offer her nineteen or twenty, she should take them," &c.

Now, we could excuse a lecturer that would go to a slave State from the free States, and say his say upon important subjects, and not bring slavery before his audience. But to drag it before them, to endorse it all, call it *good* and *honest*, and bend themselves till they grovel in the mire of its sins and pollutions, is too disgusting. Even the slave-owners themselves utterly despise those who do it. One of the largest slave-owners of Mississippi said in my hearing, "If the Free States, the North, would unite for Freedom as the South does for slavery, the latter could not sustain their institution one year. It is the free States that sustain slavery. They have the numbers, the wealth, the education and intellect. But they have not union or principle. The best man among them can be bought with a cotton-bale." Is it any wonder that such opinions prevail, when Northern preachers and ministers play the part of Dr. Cox and others. In St. Louis to-day, there are seven men anti-slavery in feeling to three who believe in and advocate slavery, yet not an outspoken word can be heard! The press will not utter a sentence. The pulpit is dumb, or takes sides with the oppressors; yet, a large proportion of the city are eastern people, who, though they would not own a slave, yet find apologies for slavery!

> The veriest slave of all the earth,
> That wears a tyrant's chain,
> Is he who lets a cringing world
> Put shackles on his brain.
>
> L——.

LETTER FROM SENATOR SEWARD.

Soon after the reelection of Senator Seward, a large number of the adopted citizens of Buffalo, comprising the most intelligent and respectable of this class, addressed to him a complimentary letter, expressing their joy at his reelection, and declaring that the triumph of the man was the triumph of a principle which was dear to themselves. The Buffalo *Express* publishes his reply, as follows:

Washington, Feb. 21, 1855.

Gentlemen: Your kind and generous letter has been received. The great problem of society in America is the resolution of many and various nationalities into one ultimate American nationality.

These nationalities differ in the elements of race, kindred, language and religion. My idea is, that the agencies to be employed to bring them into one harmonious, homogeneous whole are time, tolerance and education. These are the old agencies which have long been employed with much success. Other means, it seems, are now to be tried. We shall see with what result. I venture to believe, in opposition to the inculcations of the present hour, that we shall finally fall back on the old principles, and that hereafter, as heretofore, openness and frankness will be preferred to secret combinations, equality of political rights and privileges to disfranchisement of temporarily obnoxious classes, and charity for religious creeds and ceremonies to persecution for conscience' sake. If I err in these opinions, I shall never seek to avoid the responsibility of having constantly and firmly, though I trust courteously, advocated and sustained them.

I am, with sincere respect and esteem, your friend and fellow-citizen,

William H. Seward.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

Correspondence of The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Salem, Ohio, March 19th.

Messrs. Editors: After a fatiguing journey of three days, I find myself in the town of Salem, somewhat noted for being the centre of radical anti-slavery in the Buckeye State. I left Springfield on the morning of the 10th inst., and came very near getting my neck broken before I had arrived at Albany. When within ten miles of Pittsfield, the train run off the track, smashing and otherwise damaging several of the cars, but without injuring any of the passengers. The jolting of the car in which I was seated, until the classic Dante that I was reading was fairly shaken out of my hand, was the first intimation I had of the approaching catastrophe. The next moment, my head was unceremoniously introduced to the top of the car—which, but for its hardness and its being insured, would have been seriously damaged. As our car plunged head first into the snow-bank, an indescribable scene occurred. A tall man, and of otherwise large dimensions, was thrown forward and succeeded in breaking to pieces four seats, before he found himself on all fours. Eight or ten other persons were emptied out of their seats, while the stove was upset. When it was ascertained that all was over, a rush was made for the doors, by those who were not too frightened to run, or could regain their self-possession. But those who attempted to escape found that the doors could not be opened. At this juncture, a scene of rather an amusing character took place. A Frenchman, who spoke very bad English, in trying to get out by one of the windows, became fastened, so that he could neither get in nor out. The tall man that had broken down so many seats, in his exploring expedition, instead of getting up, cried out, "Let's have a word of prayer," and immediately commenced repeating the Lord's Prayer. As I was trying to set the stove right, I heard the cry, "water, water—a lady has fainted," and saw a number of persons crowding to a seat occupied by the only lady in our car. As the doors could not be moved, neither water nor snow could be procured; and, there being no other women present, of course camphor bottles were scarce. However, an admirable substitute was introduced by the big Scotchman, who, by this time, had finished his prayers. Seeing that neither water, camphor or anything else could be obtained, the Highlander took from his pocket his box of snuff, and at once put a pinch to the lady's nose, which, by the bye, had the desired effect. A moment more, and the lady, with open eyes, exclaimed, "Don't crush my new bonnet." As the engine had not run off the track, it started for Pittsfield for a new set of cars. The day was one of the coldest we have had this winter. The windows of the cars were covered with frost, while the pelting snow was driving in through the ventilators. The trees, with their branches covered with snow and ice, looked like so many chandeliers hung in the forest, and the reflection of the sun upon them, and the snow-birds twittering in their tops, gave them a splendid appearance. The return of the engine with other cars relieved us from our unpleasant position, and enabled us to reach Albany a few hours after the time. Our friends gave me a large and attentive audience at Albany. The next night I spent at Buffalo, where I met some old and attached friends, who would only allow me to go through without a meeting upon condition that I should give them more than one lecture on my return in May. I was met at Cleveland by William H. Day, one of the most promising and intelligent coloured young men in the West, and one who, at some future day, will fill an important position among his oppressed race. You will, no doubt, remember that Mr. Day was editor of the *Aliened American*, published at Cleveland. Last winter, he was, by a vote of the Legislature of the State, excluded from it as a reporter. He is now the Librarian of the Cleveland Association. Mr. Day is about twenty-five years of age, has a fine forehead, expressive eyes, and a mouth beautifully cut, and indicative of decision and energy. Having gone through a regular course of studies at Oberlin, he has a polished education, and is qualified to fill, with credit to himself, the highest place to which he may be called.

Wm. H. Day is one of the few coloured men of this country who are capable of appreciating the anti-slavery cause. Indeed, the movement is too vast to be comprehended by the majority of whites, with all their education. In Ohio, Spring has fairly set in. Yesterday was a dreary, wet and uncomfortable day, with melting snow and high wind. I cannot give a better idea of the state of the roads here than to assure you that, while I write, a horse with an empty cart is sticking in the mud before my door. But remember I am in a town.

Yours, very truly, W. W. B.

Lynching at the South.—A correspondent of *The Times*, writing from Greensboro', Ga., relates an incident which occured there, a few days since, which is only another evidence of the degree of freedom of thought even which this blessed Union secures to its subjects in one half of the country. He thus writes:

"There was a disgraceful mob here on Saturday, the 17th. I was attracted by a crowd on the principal street. On drawing near, I saw a young man, of about 22 years, standing in the midst of the crowd. They were asking his name, which it appeared he declined giving. I inquired of a bystander what the excitement was. He informed me the young man 'had declared himself an Abolitionist, and, it not agreeing with the sentiments of the people, they had a notion to mob him.' He was told to leave the place, but he declined. Some said, 'Hang him!' 'Tar and feather him!' 'Ride him on a rail!' Others, more moderate, proposed to send him from town. All were in favour of his leaving; and those that were the *least* excited advised him to leave. He was asked where he was from; he answered, 'Massachusetts.'

"I saw him leave the crowd, and go to the hotel. Soon he came out, and walked past the crowd, going in the direction of the depot. The leader of the mob, who (I was told) was the Sheriff, swore he should not leave the town, and went in chase of him, followed by several others. Not knowing what they might do, I concluded to follow, and if I could be of any service to tender it, he appearing to be a stranger here as well as myself. On my way I passed some young ladies—students of the Female College. They inquired what was the matter. I answered, 'They say there is an Abolitionist in town.' Some exclaimed, 'Tar and feather him!'—others, 'Ride him on a rail!' I passed on, and found him in front of a minister's dwelling. As soon as I arrived, I told the leader I wished to speak with him a moment. He said, 'if it was about that man, he would not hear it.' At this point the man broke, and they after him. He jumped a picket fence, and entered a dwelling-house, went up stairs, and hid himself in a wardrobe. They searched the house a long time before he was found. I tried to reason with some, persuading them to give it up and let him go. But they were so excited, I did not know but they would lynch me, if I said much more.

"I went up town, and soon the mob came back, making all sorts of hideous noises, with their prisoner on a rail, carried by negroes. The Sheriff drew his pistol, and would have shot him if we had not interfered. After getting in town, they had a negro black the prisoner's face. Some said 'put in vinegar and nitrite of silver,' etc. After blacking him, he was sold at auction. How much he brought I can't tell, as I did not hear the bids, but heard them crying him off while I was at tea. The mob took him to a drinking-saloon, and had the niggers hugging and kissing him. He bore it like a martyr. They said they would kill him if he resisted. A search-warrant was procured to search his baggage, to see if he had any Abolition documents, and all that was found any way suspicious were three copies of the New York *Tribune*.

"While at the drinking-saloon, they indulged quite freely, and some got more than they could bear.

"The second in command of this mob was a factory hand, and, I should judge, a very poor one, who never owned a negro, and more, never will, if one may judge from his ragged appearance. The cars left at 11 o'clock in the evening, and he was put on board and sent to Augusta. While at the dépôt, the Sheriff and Marshal had a fight, and thus ended this disgraceful mob of Greensboro'.

"Martin."

AN ACT FOR THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

A large number of petitions have been presented to the Legislature at Albany, during the present session, asking for the passage of a law which shall secure the right of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury to persons claimed as fugitive slaves, and also to prevent and punish kidnapping. The petitions were referred to a select Committee of the Assembly, of which Mr. Phelps, of Onondaga, was Chairman. The Committee has reported a bill of ten sections, which, should it become a law, will render it a difficult matter to take a fugitive slave out of this State, and will be pretty certain to put a bar upon all attempts to seize coloured persons as fugitives, except in cases where the evidence is indisputable that the person so seized is what he is claimed to be. Whether the bill is likely to pass, we do not know, but fear that it is too late in the session to expect it. Its provisions are as follows:

Sec. 1. Secures the writ of *habeas corpus* and makes it the duty of the District Attorneys of the several Counties to appear as counsel for the alleged fugitive.

2. Gives trial by Jury, and makes the finding of the jury conclusive.

3. Punishes the seizure, or intended seizure of any person as a fugitive slave, who is not a fugitive, by a fine of not less than $2,000, and imprisonment in the State Prison not less than five years.

4. Forbids the use of all jails or other public buildings belonging to the State for the confinement of alleged fugitives, except pending the proceedings on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and punishes any keeper of such buildings who shall permit such confinement by a fine of $500 dollars and two years' imprisonment.

5. Prohibits all State officers from assisting in the capture of fugitive slaves under penalty of a forfeiture of office and being ever after ineligible to any office or emolument under the laws of the State.

6. Prohibits, in a similar way, the State militia from any interference in such cases.

7. Repeals a conflicting law.

8. Provides certain penalties for State officers who may prefer to act in obedience to the United States laws.

9. Provides for the expenses under this act.

10. The act to go into effect immediately.

Should such an act as this become the law of this State, if there is any negro-hunting to be done in New York hereafter, the United States will have the entire glory of it, and the pursuit will be 'under difficulties' from which even Commissioner Morton may shrink. If any of our readers have any influence to bring upon members of the Legislature to urge them to press the bill through at this session, they could never use it to better purpose. At any rate, the bill is good for future use if it shall not be passed now.

LETTER FROM A. M. POWELL.

To the Editors of the Standard:

Having closed my labours, for the present, in Western and Central New York, I am now engaged in holding meetings in Eastern New York, and have recently held a very satisfactory series of meetings in Washington County.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 13th, held a meeting, in a school-house, in the Wilbur District, North Easton. The meeting was quite numerously attended, and filled the house more than comfortably full, with an intelligent-appearing audience.

There is a sad, *very sad*, want manifest in the construction of a great majority of meeting-houses, school-houses and lecture-rooms, of due regard to the importance of thorough *ventilation*. To speak in many of these rooms, when they are crowded full of human beings, a portion of whom are *tobacco-eaters*, and gormandizers of other "*abominations*," and are breathing the air in the room over and over again, rendering it impure and poisonous, almost beyond endurance, is, to one's vocal apparatus and physical well-being, anything but favourable—absolutely perilous—and is very injurious, not alone to the speaker, but to all. Holding meetings under such circumstances is well described by Henry Ward Beecher, referring to the subject of ventilation, as a process of "*atmospheric hanging*."

On Thursday evening, Feb. 15th, held a very good meeting in the North Easton Friends' meeting-house. Notwithstanding the evening proved to be dark, stormy and unpleasant, our meeting was very well attended. This meeting-house is in the immediate vicinity of the former residence of our lamented friend, Samuel Wilbur, who was, at the time of his death, and had been since its organization, a most efficient Secretary of the Old Saratoga and Washington County Anti-Slavery Society. By the death of our friend, the Anti-Slavery cause has lost the services and the cooperation of one of its most active, efficient and uncompromising supporters; and so, too, of the Temperance and other reform movements.

On Friday, Feb. 16th, I attended the anniversary meeting of the Old Saratoga and Washington County Anti-Slavery Society, held at Union Village, some account of which, I believe, has already been given in the *Standard*.

On Sunday afternoon, Feb. 18th, had an excellent meeting, in the Friends' meeting-house, at South Easton. The house was well filled with an interesting and intelligent audience, and, at the close of my remarks, several friends gave expression to their views concerning the labours and duties of Abolitionists, and to words of encouragement. David Baker and Joseph Peckham, with their families, are among the earnest and true-hearted Abolitionists, and the warmest supporters of our cause, in this vicinity. This is a good agricultural district, and a very pleasant section of country, about twenty-five miles north of Troy, overlooking the valley of the Hudson.

On Monday evening, Feb. 19th, held a good meeting at Easton Corners. The meeting was held in Masonic Hall—a hall which is said now to be under the control of, and head-quarters for, an association of Know-Nothings. In the village are two churches, one belonging to the Methodists, the other to the Presbyterians; also a school-room that has sometimes been used for public meetings. They were severally applied for, and refused for our anti-slavery meeting, when some individuals, who have been suspected of being allied with the mysterious Order, hearing of the fact, informed the friend who was endeavouring to make arrangements for the meeting that, if he chose to make an appointment, the above Hall would, at the appointed time, be gratuitously opened, warmed and lighted for the use of the meeting. So much to the credit of the Know-Nothings, however much pro-slavery deviltry they may, and I doubt not do, in the Order, concoct when assembled in secret conclave. Notice of our meeting was duly given out, and the Hall filled to overflowing, with a very good and interesting audience.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 20th, held a meeting at North Granville, in the Baptist Church, with a goodly number of attentive listeners in attendance; also a good meeting, in a school-house, at Middle Granville, on Thursday evening, Feb. 22.

On Saturday evening, Feb. 24th, held a meeting at West Granville. The meeting was held in Academy Hall, and was very well attended, so far as numbers were concerned. This place has the most barren and desert soil for anti-slavery of any that I have of late visited. We had some faint demonstrations of pro-slavery *patriotism*, on the part of a portion of the audience; and some persons present, who are, I believe, somewhat prominent, in the place, as politicians, it was said, regretted that the occasion found them without a supply of rotten eggs, to use as a substitute for a free expression of their views in opposition to my arguments, with which, as applying to themselves, they were not well pleased. These same glorifiers of the "Union" refused also to accept copies of the gratuitous Anti-Slavery Tracts, as they were distributed in the meeting by a friend—preferring, I doubt not, darkness rather than the light, on account of the wickedness of their principles. There are in some places, now and then to be met with, Old Hunkers, who are struggling through the dark valley of the shadow of Political Death, and the approach of anti-slavery is, to them, as excruciating torment. I am much indebted to Abel and Hannah Thomas for their kindness and hospitality, while in this vicinity.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 25th, I attended a regular monthly meeting of the Old Saratoga and Washington County Anti-Slavery Society, held at Union Village, in the Congregational Church. A very good and interesting meeting. Rev. Mr. Shattuck is the pastor of this church, and is an exception to the general rule of clergymen, being an earnest Abolitionist, and having no fears lest, by being actively engaged in the anti-slavery cause, his congregation or himself will become any the less Christians; but, on the contrary, he exhorts all to be true to the slave, even if thereby all existing Church organizations should be torn in pieces and fall to the ground. While in Easton, I was very kindly and hospitably entertained in the family of John and Lydia Wilbur, both of whom are devoted and uncompromising friends of the slave and of the advocate of his cause; and I am particularly indebted to friend Wilbur for his kind cooperation in meetings throughout all my labours in Washington County. There is in this County considerable anti-slavery feeling—more than in many other portions of this State; yet the preaching of the uncompromising doctrines of the American Anti-Slavery Society—that "Immediate and unconditional emancipation is the right of the slave and the duty of the master," and of "No Union, politically or ecclesiastically, with Slaveholders," is loudly called for even here.

Yours for bleeding Humanity,

A. M. Powell.

Milton, Saratoga Co., N. Y.

The Cazneau Treaty.—Our readers remember the Treaty which Mr. and Mrs. Cazneau, the agents of the United States to the Dominican Republic, attempted to impose upon the latter, whereby American Fillibusters and slavery propagandists would have obtained a foothold upon the Island of Hayti. The Executive officers of the Dominican Government were bullied or bribed into signing the said Treaty, but it was rejected by the Legislature, on account of the total absence of reciprocity in it as regards the citizens of the Republic who might visit the United States; for, according to its terms, they could be imprisoned in the Southern States, for no other crime than the accident of the colour of their skins; thus balked in their schemes, the Cazneaus resolved, if possible, to frighten the Executive officers into overriding the authority of the Legislature by intimations that a United States vessel of war, lying in the Harbour of St. Domingo, would make an attack upon the town! Twenty-four hours were allowed the authorities to make their decision, but, just before the expiration of the time, the Captain of the war vessel, unwilling to sanction the movements of Mr. and Mrs. Cazneau, took its departure from the country, leaving them to meditate upon the uncertainty incident to all diplomatic schemes.

The Cincinnati Bazaar.—Abolitionists will be pleased and encouraged to learn, by the following note from Mrs. Ernst to the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, that the friends of radical anti-slavery measures in Cincinnati are actively and hopefully at work in their preparation for the coming Bazaar:

Spring Garden, March 11th, 1855.

Friend Robinson: The friends of disunion here have united in a Bazaar Committee, and intend holding monthly meetings, the first Tuesday of every month, to prepare for the Bazaar to be held in October. We have appointed a Chairman and Treasurer, and find many more willing to work with and for us than are quite ready to take the name. Yet, there are some warm and firm friends even here, who will do all they can, and many, too, falling off, so that we need *patience* and *faith*. But all will be well in the end, I am sure. I send a sketch of the principles we unite upon, and you can see that there is no mistaking us.

"We, the undersigned, most heartily sympathizing with the American and Western Anti-Slavery Societies, and wishing to cooperate with them in carrying out their measures for the Abolition of American Slavery, agree to unite, as the Cincinnati Bazaar Committee, for the purpose of holding an Annual Bazaar, the fifth, to be held October 23d, 24th and 25th, 1855, and we earnestly ask the aid of all friends of Freedom to carry out this object."

Sarah Otis Ernst,	Mary Mann,
Mary De Graw,	Rebecca Watson,
Susan W. Hayward,	Mary Guild,
Sarah Ann Ernst,	Julia Harwood.

Cornelia Shorey.

Several of these persons do not live in the city, but will send boxes of goods to the Fair, and many others, whose names are not here, will help in the city. Were these friends able to do all their hearts prompt, there would need no others, but we shall find some of whom we do not now know, I doubt not.

Charles C. Burleigh called upon us one day last week, on his way home from Pennsylvania, whither he went some time since to witness the closing scenes in the life of his brother Cyrus. The *Express*, of this city—ignorantly or maliciously, we scarcely know which—started the story that he had been appointed by Gov. Clark Harbour Master of this port. The falsehood once proclaimed, flew with lightning speed all over the country, and some of Mr. Burleigh's friends were not a little puzzled thereby. The man appointed Harbour Master, however, is not the widely-known anti-slavery lecturer, but a brother of his, Mr. Wm. H. Burleigh, of Albany, who does not share his scruples as to holding civil office under the present National and State Governments, and whose activity in the cause of Temperance doubtless commended him to the Governor's favour.

Progressive Friends.—The meeting held in Sansom Street Hall, Philadelphia, on Sunday last, by Joseph A. Dugdale and Oliver Johnson, was attended by a large audience, who evinced a deep interest in learning what are the principles and purposes of this new Religious Society, which professes to put charity before creeds, and works of practical righteousness before ceremonies, rituals and forms. The larger portion of the time was occupied by Joseph A. Dugdale in an address setting forth some of the fundamental ideas of the association. By an advertisement in another column it will be seen that another meeting is to be held in the same place on Sunday next, when a Discourse will be delivered by Mr. Johnson.

The Hutchinson Family.—Those sons of song, Judson, John and Asa Hutchinson, who have so often delighted the people of New York with their mountain minstrelsy, are about to visit us once more. They will give their first concert, at the Tabernacle, on Monday evening. They are true as ever to the cause of freedom and humanity, and we hope they may have crowded and enthusiastic audiences.

"Nemo," our Philadelphia Correspondent, will find a note to his address at the Anti-Slavery Office, Philadelphia. He is requested to call and get it.

The African Slave Trade.—The Hon. C. F. Mercer, in a letter to Rev. R. R. Gurley, dated London, Dec. 15th, says: "Perhaps you do not know, as I am only recently informed, of the vast extent of the Northern African slave trade. My friends, Mr. and Mrs. Abbott S. Lawrence, met at the upper cataract of the Nile, three hundred African girls, of great beauty, in one coffle, brought sixty days' journey over the burning sands of Zahara, for the Egyptian market. Their feet were raw, their bodies nearly naked, their countenances haggard. Such is the fruit of the traffic."

Summary.

Census of Kansas.—A complete enumeration of the voting population in Kansas has been obtained. It seems to contain 3,036 electors, which are divided into seventeen election districts.

First Settlers.—Many people suppose that the first settlers of Pennsylvania were Friends, under the lead of William Penn. This is a great mistake. The Swedes had settled on Delaware Bay sixty years before.

The Author and His Work.—A Portuguese sculptor, who was suspected of free-thinking, was at the point of death. A Jesuit, who came to confess him, holding a crucifix before his eyes, said, "Behold that God whom you have so much offended. Do you recollect him now?" "Alas! yes, father," replied the dying man, "it was I who made him!"

Pulling Down the Telegraph Wires.—A disposition is evinced by the people in many sections of the country to destroy the telegraph wires. In a recent instance in Mississippi, the populace assembled and carried off four miles of the wires! It appears that some learned Theban had demonstrated, on scientific principles, to the satisfaction of the people, that the cause of the long drouth, which has so much retarded vegetation, was solely owing to the telegraphic wires, and that, in a few years, when every section of the country will be belted by a lightning wire, rain will cease altogether.

The St. Louis *Republican* learns from a reliable source that General W. S. Harney, of the U. S. Army, has been selected to command the military expedition against the Sioux Indians during the ensuing season. We should like to enquire of the *Republican* whether this is not the man who, about fifteen years ago, beat a poor slave woman to death? The hands and feet of the woman were tied together, and she was whipped until her back was made a complete jelly. She died a day or two after, and Harney was obliged to flee.

If the *Republican* cannot answer the above question, will it enquire of Asa Wilgus, Esq., who will give the necessary information?—*Bost. Tel.*

Railroads North and South.—Dividing the Free States into East and West, making Ohio one of the Western States, the railroad interest compares thus between the different sections:

	Miles.	Cost.
9 Eastern Free States	8,643	$355,995,000
6 Western Free States	8,518	183,328,000
15 Slave States	4,117	115,257,000

It will thus be seen that the Free North-West, saved from the curse of slavery by the ordinance of '87, has more than double the extent of railroads of the whole South, so called, which embraces three-fifths of the area of the Union.

Interesting Documents.—At a meeting of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, in Boston, last week, Mr. Drake exhibited and read a copy of the Resolves passed at Salem, June, 17, 1774, by the General Court of Massachusetts, at the time when the door was locked to prevent the Secretary of Gov. Gage from entering to dissolve that body. The Resolves are signed by "Samuel Adams, Clerk," and were sent at the time to the selectmen of Tisbury, one of the towns on Martha's Vineyard, by order of the Assembly. Copies, it is presumed, were sent to all of the towns in Massachusetts; but Mr. Drake informed the meeting that this was the only one that he knew to be now in existence. He further stated that the document contained matters not to be found on record, nor in any other papers of whose existence he was aware.—*Boston Transcript.*

Buying Deacons.—Allusion to the purchase of Burns reminds us of some other purchases made by the friends of freedom about the time the Fugitive Slave law passed. Rev. Mr. Grimes, of this city, had a number of fugitives connected with his church, who left for Canada when that infamous bill became a law, among them, one or two of his deacons. His church was almost ruined for a time, as some of his best members had been obliged to leave. In order to get them back, Mr. Grimes, through the assistance of good friends, was obliged actually to *purchase his deacon and some of the prominent members of his church.* Shame, shame! Suppose these fugitives had been connected with Dr. Blagden's or Dr. Adams's church, what would have been the result? The whole community would have been in a storm. And yet this might have happened. There are slaves at the South as white and as fair as many members of those churches.—*Boston Telegraph.*

Six Months in the Dark.—The officers and crew of the North Star—Arctic ship now at Sheerness—have suffered the privations of two winters of three months' each total darkness, with the thermometer 56 degrees below zero, or 88 degrees below the freezing point. They have been without a single human being to associate with, except their own little company, for a period of two years and a half. During the whole period the officers and crew had ceased to use the razor, merely scissor cutting and trimming their faces and heads, and there has not been one solitary case of ulcerated or sore throat among them. Until within a week, the razor was only known by name in the ship, and, strange to say, immediately their faces lost their warm clothing, several found that the cold took effect on their throats. Not a single man or officer has been lost from sickness. The duties of the clerk in charge of this ship have been most onerous, he having had to be up at all hours, supplying travelling parties with provisions, who have on many occasions, with their sledges and their dogs, travelled sixty miles a day. A few rare specimens of birds and eggs have been preserved and brought home. She brought home the crews of the Investigator and the Phoenix, and the crews of the Resolute and Enterprise.

A Southern Movement.—In one of our Southern exchanges, it is stated that a memorial is now in circulation in North Carolina praying the Legislature for certain modifications of the slave laws, or rather "radical changes," not interfering with "the best interests of the slaveholder," nor with "the efficiency of slave labour." The "memorial" proposes, 1, That the institution of matrimony be established among the slaves, with all its legal obligations and guaranties as to its duration between the parties; 2, That masters be not permitted to disregard the ties of this sacred relationship; 3, That the parental relation be acknowledged and protected by law, and that parents never be separated from their children, say while they are under twelve years of age; 4, That the laws which prohibit the instruction of slaves and free coloured persons, by teaching them to read the Bible and other good books, be repealed. Of course we give this only as chroniclers of passing events, without the slightest expectation of any practical result; it indicates that not all Southern minds are at ease under the pressure of the great moral wickedness that weighs the mass of Southern conscience to the dust; and as such an indication we hail it with pleasure; but all hope of any "radical change" whatever in the slave laws of the South, by "memorials" and prayers of "Fanatics," is vain as the hope of salvation by the works of the law.—*Boston Congregationalist.*

"The Devil not so Black as he is Painted."—There has been a great ado made about the election of Henry Wilson to the United States Senate, by the so-called Know-Nothing

Miscellaneous Department.

Victor Hugo to the Exiles of Europe.

His Speech on the Anniversary of the French Revolution of 1848.

Translated from proof slips from the Author for the New York Daily Times.

EXILES: Had the Revolution, inaugurated on this day seven years ago, at the Hotel de Ville of Paris, followed its natural course, and had it not been, so to speak, turned aside from its great aim, on the very morrow of its advent; had not the Reaction first, and Louis Bonaparte afterwards—the Reaction, by trickery and slow poisoning—Louis Bonaparte, by midnight assault, violation, ambuscade and murder—destroyed the Republic; had the Republic, in the splendid days of February, waved her standard above the Alps and along the Rhine, and, in the name of France, flung abroad to Europe this cry: "Liberty!" which at that period, as you will remember, would have sufficed to achieve, on the Old Continent, the rising of all the peoples and complete the downfall of every throne; if France, leaning upon the mighty glaive of '92, had given aid, as was her duty, to Italy, to Hungary, to Poland, to Prussia, to Germany; if, in one word, the Europe of the peoples had succeeded, in 1848, to the Europe of the Kings, the following would, after seven years of light and liberty, have been the situation of the Continent:

We should have beheld it thus: The Continent would be one single people; the nationalities would be living their natural life in the common life of all; Italy would belong to Italy, Poland would belong to Poland, Hungary would belong to Hungary, France would belong to Europe, and Europe would belong to Humanity.

There would be no longer any Rhine, a German river; no longer any Baltic and Black Seas, Russian lakes; no Mediterranean a French lake; no Atlantic, as an English sea; no cannons on the Sound or at Gibraltar; no *Kammerlicks* at the Dardanelles. The Rivers free, the Straits free, the Oceans free!

The European group, no longer forming aught but one nation. Germany would be to France and France would be to Italy what to-day Normandy is to Picardy and Picardy to Lorraine; no more war, and consequently no more army. In the single financial point of view, a net annual gain to Europe of four milliards.* No more frontiers, no more Custom-Houses, no more city imposts; a flow and reflow, gigantically great, of coin and produce; trade and industry doubled twenty-fold; annual return of profit for the wealth of the Continent, at least ten milliards. Add to these the four milliards saved by the suppression of armies, and at least two milliards more economized by the abolition of parasitical employments throughout the Continent, including the functions of kings, and you have annually a lever of sixteen milliards, wherewith to move the questions of political economy. A civil list of labour—a sinking fund for poverty, draining the very depths of involuntary idleness and want, and of the salary system with a force of sixteen milliards per annum! Only calculate this enormous production of property. I do not pause to develop it.

A continental circulating medium, resting upon a double metallic and paper basis, and having for its fulcrum the entire capital of Europe, and for its motive power the free activity of two hundred millions of men, this simple and single money would replace and absorb all the absurd varieties of coinage now in use, effigies of princes, figures of wretchedness; varieties which are so many sources of impoverishment, for, in the transfer from hand to hand of money, to multiply variety is to multiply the wear and tear; to multiply the wear and tear is to diminish the circulation, and in money, as in everything else, circulation is unity.

Fraternity would engender solidarity; the credit of all would be the property of each one, the labour of each one the guarantee of all.

Freedom to go and come, freedom to associate, freedom to possess, freedom to speak and to write, freedom to think, freedom to love, freedom to believe—all these liberties would form a panoply around the citizen sheltered by them and become inviolable.

No application of force, against any one whomsoever, even to bring about good. For what could it profit? by the simple force of things, by the mere increase of light, by the fact alone of open day replacing monarchical and priestly gloom, the air would have become too fine for the respiration of the man of force, the man of fraud, the man of falsehood, the man of prey, the man who hires ont his fellows, the parasite, the sabrer, the usurer, the foe of intelligence and education—in a word, of all who flit, on bat's wings, through the dark.

The old system of punishments would have died out, like the rest. War being dead, the scaffold, which has the same black root, would have dried up and disappeared of itself. The sword, in every form, would have vanished, and men, by this, have doubted whether human being had ever dared to put human beings to death, even in the past. There would be in the Ethnographic Gallery of the Louvre a Paixhan mortar, under a glass case; a Lancaster gun under a glass case; a guillotine under a glass case; a gallows under a glass case; and people would go to the Museum, through curiosity to see these savage beasts of man's creation, as they now repair to the menagerie to see the savage beasts that God has made.

People would say, "Then that is the gibbet!" Just as they now say, "Then that is a tiger!"

We should everywhere behold the brain thinking, the arm acting, and matter obeying; machinery serving the will of man; social experiments on a mighty scale; all the wonderful fecundations of progress by progress; science struggling with creation; workshops always open, whose doors poverty had only to push in order to become transformed into labour; schools always open, whose doors ignorance had only to push in order to become transformed to intelligence; gratuitous and obligatory academies, where capacities only should mark the limits of instruction, and where the child of the poor should receive the same culture as the child of the rich; polls, where women might vote as well as men, for the old world finds woman equal to civil, commercial and penal responsibilities; it finds woman equal to imprisonment, to Clichy, to the bagnio, to the dungeon, to the scaffold; as for us, we shall find woman good enough for dignity and for liberty; it finds woman good enough for slavery and death, we shall find her good enough for life; it recognises woman as a public personage for sufferings and pains and penalties, we shall recognise her as a public personage for justice and right. We shall not say, soul of the first quality, MAN; soul of secondary quality, woman! We shall proclaim woman as our equal, with respect the more. Oh woman, wife, mother, sister, companion, eternal minor, eternal slave, eternal victim, eternal martyr; we will raise you up! For all this the old world laughs at us; I know it, and the rights of woman as proclaimed by us form the principal subject of its gayety. One day, in the Assembly, a person, interrupting me, cried out: "It is with that—the women—of all other things, that you make us laugh." "And, on your part," I replied, "it is with that, of all other things—the women—that you make us weep!" But, I resume the thread of my discourse and conclude the sketch.

At the summit of this universal splendour, England and France would shine; for they are the elder sisters of our actual civilization; they are the two mother nations of the Nineteenth Century; they illuminate for the human race now on its march the two ways of the actual and the possible; they bear the two torches, one of which is the deed and the other the idea. They would be rivals without injuring or thwarting one another. Radically, and viewing things from the height of philosophy—pardon this parenthesis—there has never existed between them any other antipathy than that desire of pushing further on, that impatience to be in advance, that logic of continued progress, that thirst for the horizon, that ambition for indefinite *progression*, which is the whole of France, and which has often irked her neighbour, England, willingly contented with results obtained and tranquilly wedded to accomplished facts. France is the antagonist of England, as the *better* is the adversary of the good.

To continue:

In the old city of the Tenth of August and the Twenty-second of September, henceforth called the City of Europe, *Urbs*, a colossal assembly, the Assembly of the United States of Europe, the arbiter of civilization, and issuing from the universal suffrage of all the peoples of the Continent, will discuss and regulate, in the presence of this majestic constituent and final judge, and with the aid of the universal free press, all the questions of humanity, and would render Paris, the centre of the world, a volcano of light.

Citizens, I say it in passing, I do not believe in the eternity of what men, at this day, call parliaments; but, parliaments, the generators of liberty and unity, at once, are necessary, until that day—a day still distant and bordering on the ideal, when, political combinations having melted away in the simplification of universal labour, the formula, THE LEAST GOVERNMENT POSSIBLE, receiving an application more and more complete, artificial laws all having disappeared and natural laws only remaining, there will be no other assembly than the assembly of creators and inventors, discovering and promulging the law, not making it—the assembly of intelligence, of art and of science—the Institute—but the Institute transfigured and glorious, brought forth by an entirely different method of nomination, and deliberating publicly. Beyond all doubt, the Institute is in the long vista of time the only future assembly. One striking circumstance, which I must also note in passing, is that it was the Convention which created the Institute. Before expiring, that sombre eagle of past revolutions deposited upon the generous soil of France the mysterious egg which encloses the wings of the future.

Thus, to sum up, in a few words, the outlines I have traced—and many details still escape me—I have flung these ideas by chance and rapidly together, and I hardly follow out more than the one that, had the Revolution of 1848 but lived and borne its fruits, had the Republic stood, and had it, from the French Republic, become, as logic required, the European Republic, a fact that might have then been accomplished in less than one year, and also without shock or mutilation, before the breath of the grand gale of February, citizens, had events passed thus, what would Europe be to-day?—one family!—the nations, sisters!—man a brother to his fellow-men! We should no longer be Frenchmen, or Prussians, or Spaniards, but simply Europeans! On all sides around us, serenity, activity, prosperity and life. No other struggle from one end to the other of the Continent than the struggle of the good, the beautiful, the great, the just and the useful, overcoming obstacles, and seeking its ideal. Everywhere that mighty victory which is called labour in that mighty effulgence which is called peace.

Behold, then, citizens behold, in brief, the spectacle which, had the Revolution triumphed, we should at this hour have presented to the Europe of the peoples.

But these things are not realized. Happily, order has been reëstablished. And, instead of all I have portrayed, what do we see?

What stands before us now is not the Europe of the peoples, but the Europe of the Kings.

And this Europe of the Kings, what is it doing?

It has the force; it can do what it wills; the Kings are free, because they have stifled liberty; the Europe of the Kings is rich; it has millions, it has tens and hundreds of millions; it has but to open the veins of the peoples and there spout forth blood and gold. What then is it doing? Does it clean out the mouths of navigable rivers? Is it shortening the route to India? Is is linking the Pacific to the Atlantic? Is it piercing the Isthmus of Suez? Is it cutting through the Isthmus of Panama? or is it laying in the depths of ocean the vast electric wire which shall bind Continents to Continents by thought become lightning, and which, as the colossal nerve of the universal life, will make of this Globe one enormous heart whose pulsation shall be the thought of man? With what is this Europe of Kings now busied? Is it, as mistress of the world, accomplishing some great and holy work of progress, civilization and humanity? To what use does it apply the gigantic forces of the Continent it has at its disposal? What is it doing?

Citizens, it is making war!

A war for whom?

For you, ye peoples?

No! for themselves, the Kings!

What kind of a war is it?

A war pitiful in its origin; a key!—frightful in its opening deeds; Balaklava!—terrible in its end; the abyss!

A war beginning in the laughable, to terminate in the horrible.

Exiles! We have already more than once spoken of this war, and we are condemned to speak of it for a long time yet. Alas! for my part, I cannot think of it but with an aching heart.

O Frenchmen, who surround me, France had an army, an admirable, an incomparable army, formed for great wars, by twenty years in Africa; an army which was the front rank, the vanguard of the human race, a kind of living *Marseillaise*; its verses bristling, thick with bayonets which mingled with the breath of the Revolution, had but to make its trumpets sound to bring down, in one moment, crumbling into dust, all the old sceptres and all old the chains upon the Continent. Where is this army? What has become of it? Citizens, Bonaparte has taken it. What has he done with it? He first wrapped it in the shroud of his dark crime; then he sought for it a tomb, and that tomb he has found in the Crimea.

For this man is blinded and pushed on by the fatality within him, and by that instinct of the old world's destruction which, in spite of him, still forms his very soul.

Exiles, for one moment withdraw your eyes from Cayenne, where you behold another sepulchre, and turn them yonder towards the East! There you have brethren.

The French and English armies are there!

What is that trench they are opening before yon Tartar city? that trench, at two paces from which still flows the rivulet of the blood of Inkermann; that trench in which there are men who pass the night standing, and who cannot lie down because they are in water up to their knees; and others who recline, but in a foot of mire that covers them completely, requiring them to place a stone beneath their head, in order that it may not sink below the surface; and others who are lying down, but in the snow and under the snow, and who will awaken on the morrow, but with frozen limbs; and others who are lying down, but on the ice, and who will never again awake; and others who are walking, barefooted, in cold of ten degrees, because, having taken off their shoes, they do not possess the strength to draw them on again; and others covered with undressed wounds; all without shelter, without fire, almost without food, in the lack of means of transport, with wet rags which have become icicles for clothing, gnawed by dysentery and typhus fever, harassed with sorties, crippled by bombs, awakened from their agony by grape and canister, and ceasing to be combatants only to become once more poor dying invalids—that trench where England, to this day, has piled up thirty thousand soldiers, and where France, by December 17—I do not know the latest figures—had buried forty-six thousand seven hundred men; that trench where, in less than three months, eighty thousand men have disappeared; that trench around Sebastopol is the grave of the two armies. The digging of that trench, which is not yet finished, has already cost three millards.

War is a wholesale grave-digger who asks high wages for his work.

Yes, in order to dig the grave of those two armies of France and England, the latter all included, comprising, too, the capital invested in the fleets destroyed, and comprising the depression of manufactures, trade and credit, have already spent three milliards. Three milliards! With those three milliards they might have completed the network of English and French railways, they might have constructed the tubular tunnel in the Channel—a better bond of union between the two nations than that grasp of the hand between Lord Palmerston and Bonaparte, which has been flourished over our heads with the inscription, "To GOOD FAITH;" with those three milliards they might have drained all the marshes of France and England; have given wholesome water to all the cities, all the villages and all the rural districts; have given new health to the earth and to man; have rewooded all the slopes in both countries; and, consequently, have prevented freshets and inundations; have restocked all the rivers with fish so that the poor could get salmon at a halfpenny a pound; have multiplied the workshops and schools; have explored and worked the veins of coal and minerals; have given every parish their steam-excavators; have sowed millions of acres now lying fallow; have transformed cesspools into manure pits; have rendered dearth impossible; put bread in every mouth; have increased tenfold production, consumption, circulation and wealth an hundred-fold! Yet, it is worth more than this to take—I am in error—to *not* take Sebastopol!

It is worth more to employ their milliards in causing their armies to perish! It is better to ruin and destroy themselves!

So, then, in the eyes of the shuddering Continent, the two armies are lingering out their last agony. And, all this time, what is "the Emperor Napoleon III." about? I open a newspaper of the Empire [the orator here unfolded a French paper], and in it I read the following: "The Carnival pursues its pleasures. We have nothing but parties and balls. The Court will, for twenty-four hours, lay aside the mourning assumed on the occasion of the death of the Sardinian princesses, so as not to prevent the ball which is about to take place at the Tuileries."

Yes, it is the accord of an orchestra which we hear in the Pavillon de l'Horloge; yes, the *Monteur* reports, with full detail, the quadrille in which "their Majesties figured"—yes, the Emperor dances, this Napoleon dances, while we, with eyes fixed on the darkness, gaze, and the whole civilized world, shuddering, gazes with us, at Sebastopol, that well of the abyss, that gloomy tun to which France and England, those two Danaides, with bloodshot eyes, come, one after the other, pale and dishevelled, to pour into the gulf their treasures and their children, recommencing ever!—never done!

Still we are told that "the Emperor" is about to start for the Crimea! Can it be? Is he, indeed, accessible to shame, and growing conscious of the public humiliation? He is represented to us as brandishing towards Sebastopol the sword of Lodi, drawing on the seven-league boots of Wagram, with Troplong and Baroche, in tears, clinging to the two lappets of his gray overcoat. What does this "going to the wars" mean? Citizens, a recollection! On the morning of the *coup d'état*, when he heard that the conflict had begun, Bonaparte exclaimed: I must go forth and share the dangers of my brave soldiers! There was probably, at that moment, too, some Troplong or Baroche in tears. But nothing could restrain him. He set out. He traversed the Champs Elysées and the Turileries, between triple files of bayonets. In issuing from the Tuileries, he entered the Rue de l'Echelle. The Rue de l'Echelle (the Street of the Ladder—TRANS.) means the street of the Pillory; in former times, there had been a ladder or pillory there. In that street, he beheld the throng, he saw the threatening gestures of the people; a workman shouted, "Down with the traitor!" He turned pale, and wheeling his horse, hastened back to the Elysée. Then, do not parade before us the emotions of this departure. Should he go, the door of the Tuileries, like that of the Elysée, will remain half-open behind him; should he go it will not be to the trenches where his troops are suffering, nor to the breach where they are dying. The first cannon-shot that thunders in his ears, "Down with the traitor!" will cause him to retrace his steps. Be assured—for never, in Paris, or in the Crimea, or in history, will Louis Bonaparte pass beyond the street of the pillory!

Moreover, should he depart, the eye of history will be fixed on Paris. Let us wait!

Citizens! I have just sketched before you, and I would limit the picture that Europe, this day, presents to your gaze.

What Republican Europe would be, I have set forth; what Imperial Europe is, you see.

In the midst of this general position of affairs, the special situation of France is as follows:

Her finances squandered, her future borne down with burdens, bills of exchange, signed December 2d and Louis Bonaparte, and, consequently, subject to protest; Austria and Prussia foes under the guise of friends and allies; a coalition of kings latent still, but visible; the dreams of a dismemberment returning; a million of men, ready to precipate themselves upon the Rhine at the Czar's first signal; our African army destroyed, and, as a prop to lean upon, what? England, a wreck?

Such is the frightful horizon before us, and at its two extremities, behold two spectres—the spectre of the army in the Crimea and the spectre of the Republic in exile.

Alas! one of these two spectres bears in its side the gaping dagger wound, inflicted by the other, and pardons it.

Yes, I insist, the situation is so mournful, so wretched, that Parliament in terror orders an inquest, and that it looks to those who have no faith in the future of nations, guided, especially, by Providence, as if France were about to perish, and England to founder.

To resume the thread of my discourse: all around is darkness. In France, no more tribune of the people, no free press, no liberty of speech. Russia seated upon Poland, Austria upon Hungary, upon Milan, upon Venice, Ferdinand upon Naples, the Pope on Rome, Bonaparte on Paris. Within this sealed chamber of obscurity all kinds of deeds that haunt the night; extortions, spoliations, robberies, transportations, fusillades and gibbets; in the Crimea a frightful war; the corpses of armies heaped on the corpses of nations; Europe, one slaughter-house. I know not what lurid light glowing above the future—blockades, conflagrations, bombardments, famines, pestilences, bankruptcies; for interests and egotisms a general scrambling flight; obscure revolts among the soldiery awaiting the universal uprising of the people. A dreadful state of things, I may well say, and search out for yourselves the final issue. To capture Sebastopol is war without end—not to take it an irremediable humiliation. Until now men ruined themselves for the sake of glory; now, they ruin themselves for scorn and opprobrium. And under this clashing and battling of the infuriated Cæsars, what will become of those nations that survive? They will weep to their very last tear—they will pay to their very last sou—they will bleed to the heart's blood of their last remaining child. We are in England—what do we see around us? On all sides women in mourning—mothers, sisters, orphan girls and widows. Then restore to these women, if you can, the objects of their grief! All England is clothed with the emblem of woe. In France there are two vast mournings, one of which is death; the other and the worst, disgrace; the hecatomb of Balaklava and the grand ball at the Tuileries.

Exiles, this crisis has a name—that name is "society restored and saved."

Let us not forget it; this name tells us so; let us refer everything back to its origin. Yes, this situation, this whole crisis has sprung from the "great act" of December.

It is the product of the perjury of the 2d, and of the butchery on the 4th. It cannot be said of it, at least, that it is bastard. It has a mother in treason and a father in massacre. Behold these two things which, to-day, touch each other, like the two fingers of the hand of Divine Justice—the ambuscade of 1851, and the calamity of 1855, the catastrophe of Paris and the catastrophe of Europe. M. Bonaparte started from the former to reach the latter.

I am aware that people say to me—I am aware that M. Bonaparte says to me, and causes his newspaper organs to say: You have nothing on your tongue but the Second of December! You keep constantly repeating those same things!—to which I reply: You are still there!

I am your shadow! and is it my fault if the shadow of a crime be a spectre?

No! no! no! no! Let us not be silent, let us not grow weary, let us not cease! Let us, also, continue there, we who are right and justice and reality. There now hang, above the head of Bonaparte, two winding-sheets—the winding-sheet of the people, and the winding-sheet of the army; let us wave them without respite. Let our voices be heard incessantly and above all other sounds, at the bounds of the horizon—let them have the fearful monotony of the ocean, of the tempest, of the winter storm, of the hurricane, of all the great protesting voices of Nature!

Then, citizens, a war to the knife, a fathomless decay of all vital energies and forces, a limitless downfall—such is the condition of that wretched social system of the past, which thought itself saved because one fine morning it beheld an adventurer, its conqueror, entrusting public order to the keeping of his sbirri, and the process of its degradation to the Jesuit. Everything is in good hands, it said. What does it now think of the results?

O Peoples, there are men of curses and accursed. When they promise peace they proffer war; when they promise safety they entail disaster; when they promise prosperity they bring down ruin; when they promise glory they insure our shame. When they grasp the crown of Charlemagne, they place it on the brows of Ezzelino; when they recast the medal of a Cæsar, it is with the lineaments of Mandarin; when they reinaugurate the Empire, it is by commencing with 1812; when they uplift an eagle, it is but a vulture; when they give to a people a new name, it is a false name; when they make an oath, it is a false oath; when they announce an Austerlitz, it is a false Austerlitz; when they bestow a kiss, it is the kiss of Judas; when they point out a bridge by which to cross from one side to the other, it is the bridge of the Beresina?

Oh! exiles, there is not one of us unwrung, for, everywhere around us, is desolation, abject prostration, abomination; for the aggrandizement of the Czar is the diminution of the light; for I, who am now speaking to you, feel the humiliation of this once great, proud, free and generous England, as a man; for at this moment we hear France falling, falling, with the sound of a coffin when it falls!

You are wrung with grief, but you have courage and faith. You do well, my friends. Courage, then! Courage! more than ever! As I have already said, it grows more evident from day to day, that, at this instant, France and England have left to them but one path, one outlet of safety—the emancipation of the peoples, the insurrection in mass of the prostrate nationalities—the REVOLUTION! Sublime alternative! It is grand that safety has become identified with justice. It is in this that Providence breaks forth in splendour. Aye, have courage, more than ever. In the hour of utmost peril, Danton exclaimed, "Daring! daring! and yet more daring!" in adversity, we should cry out, "Hope! hope! and still more hope!" Friends and brothers! the great Republic, the democratic, social and free Republic, will, ere long, blaze out in magnificence again—for it is the office of the Empire to give it a new birth, as it is the office of the night to usher in the day. These men of tyranny and misery will disappear. Their time to stay is now counted by quick minutes. They are backing to the edge of the abyss, and we who are already in the gulf, can see their heels that quiver already beyond the borders of the precipice. Oh, exiles! I call forth in testimony the hemlock the Socrates have drank, the Golgothas the Christs have climbed, the Jerichos and the Joshuas have caused to crumble; I summon up in testimony the baths of blood taken by the Thraseas, the faggots whence John Huss, and those of this world like him, have cried: the swan will yet be born! I summon in testimony these seas which beat around us, and which the Columbusses have passed beyond; I call upon yonder stars which shine above us, and which the Galileos have questioned, to bear witness, exiles and brethren, that liberty can never die—she is immortal, and, exiles, Truth is eternal!

Progress is the very stride of God.

Then let those who weep be comforted! and those who tremble—if any such there be among us—be assured. Humanity ignores self-murder, and God lays not aside his omnipotent control.

No, the people shall not forever grope in darkness, knowing not what hour has been reached in science, what hour in philosophy, what hour in art, what hour in human mind, and with their eyes fixed upon despotism, that black dial of gloom on which the double needle, at once sword and sceptre, forever motionless, forever marks Midnight.

LIFE TO THE UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC!

THE Boston Correspondent of the *Christian Inquirer* thus carefully and justly weighs the "Poetical Conclusion" between Smith and Tennyson in their recent poems on the Charge at Balaklava:

Now the poem of Tennyson here referred to (in the *Manchester Times*) seemed to us, like everything else he has written, to bear the stamp of genius, while Mr. Smith's, intended to supply its place, bears the equally unmistakable stamp of Cockneyism. It is not necessary to quote Tennyson's grand ode, for it is familiar to all poetical readers, and it would be idle to try to prove *it* to be fine poetry. He who does not feel poetry to be fine, can never be convinced of it by argument. But critical analysis, though it cannot prove that gold is gold, can prove that an amalgam of lead and copper and quicksilver is *not* gold. Therefore we will waste a few words on this Balaklava of Mr. Smith, which so impudently undertakes to set aside the poem of Tennyson.

Tennyson is a man of genius—Smith a man of talent. Genius is essentially creative; it originates, and its language is necessarily original as its conception. Talent is imitative, and its language, like its thought and imagery, are usually borrowed. So it is with Mr. Smith; he has no vigorous conception in his own mind, but he borrows here and there the conceptions of other people; and in his attempts to disguise them he makes very bungling work of it, as we shall show directly. But his fatal and original sin is that his motive is a false one. He does not write poetry because he *must*, not because he has something to say which must be said, but (as he himself frankly confesses) from the love of fame. But Lord Bacon long ago hit the nail on the head, in saying that the love of fame or praise was good as an ancillary motive, but very bad as the main end. With Smith it is the end; he writes, not because he has something to say, but because he wished to say something. He is, in fact, sick with self-love. A morbid vanity is paraded through his verses, and what talent he has—which is no doubt considerable—is corrupted by this want of simplicity and earnestness.

But now for his Balaklava. How does it begin?

BALAKLAVA.

Ox the charge at Balaklava!
Oh that rash and fatal charge—
Never was a fiercer, braver,
Than that charge at Balaklava.
On the battle's bloody marge!
All the day the Russian columns,
Fortress huge, and blazing banks,
Poured their dread destructive volumes
On the French and English ranks—
On the gallant allied ranks!
Earth and sky seemed rent asunder
By the loud incessant thunder!
When a strange but stern command—
Needless, heedless, rash command—
Came to Lucan's little band—
Scarce six hundred men and horses
Of those vast contending forces—
"England's lost unless ye save her,
Charge the pass of Balaklava!"
On that rash and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

The "bloody marge" is extremely weak, and put in plainly to rhyme with "charge," which is the necessary word. It was not in the "margin" of the battle, but into the very heart of it that the charge was made; and to put it into the *margin* is at once relinquishing the truth and the poetry. He compares next the Russian columns to "fortresses" and "banks." Such comparisons never rose before the eye of genius—for a column may look like a snake, or a river, but cannot naturally remind one of a fortress. A column of men does not tower into the air like a fortress, but stretches along the plain. Nor is a column like a "bank," blazing, or otherwise. (A "blazing bank" is not a very suggestive image.) Men in line may suggest a bank, but men in column hardly. The word "volumes" seems again for the sake of the rhyme. "Volleys" was the word wanted, but that would not rhyme, and so volumes had to do duty in its place. We speak of volumes of smoke; possibly of volumes of flame, though hardly—but never of volumes of shot. The remark, further on, about earth and sky *seeming* to be rent asunder, is weak fustian. If he had said the drum of the ear seemed to be rent asunder, he would have expressed a real feeling, if a prosaic one. His jingling lines about the needless command, in which none of the five epithets are descriptive, is borrowed from Tennyson's:

——"up came an order which
Some one had blundered"—

in which the single word "blundered" expresses more than the "strange," stern," "needless," "heedless," and "rash."

We pass the prosaic computation of the "scarce six hundred men and horses" (in fact, five hundred and ninety-eight), to reach a graver fault. Mr. Smith represents the men as called upon to charge in order to "save England." Here again, by leaving the truth, he loses the poetic life and power. The men had no idea of saving England by their charge. They saw that they were to be needlessly sacrificed; and the pith of the thing is, as Tennyson takes care to say, that they went undismayed,

——"though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

All this Mr. Smith throws away, by falsely assuming that they were told that England would be lost unless they saved her by making this needless charge.

In the next verse Mr. Smith, instead of the simple nervous style of Tennyson—

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered"—

has a good deal about "howling beagles," and the "cannon and mortar" sweeping the field "in every quarter," and then adds, what he thinks worth repeating further on, that

"Never, since the days of Jesus,
Trembled so the Chersonesus!"

It is bad enough to introduce anything not wanted into a poem for the sake of the rhyme; but to bring in for this reason the name of the Saviour, seems to us a sort of profanity; it is certainly taking his name in vain. There was no special tumult, that we know of, in the Crimea in the days of Christ, to justify him in making that the point of departure. Seventy different nations, it is said, have overrun and conquered the fertile plains of Taurida, but none of them caused it to tremble, particularly at the commencement of our era.

Tennyson had called the valley of Balaklava "the valley of death"

"Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred;"

and Mr. Smith must compare it to some pass or valley too, and so he selects the pass of Thermopylæ, and once or twice compares the six hundred to Leonidas and his Spartans:

"Till, like brave Leonidas,
They storm the deadly pass!"

The point of resemblance between the two cases being that Leonidas defended the pass which Xerxes stormed, and the British stormed the pass which the Russians defended, and also that the defence of Leonidas saved Greece by gaining time, while the charge of Lucan gained no real advantage at all.

We might go through the whole poem so, but it is not necessary. This is sufficient to show that Mr. Smith's purpose in writing was to do something very fine, and eclipse Tennyson, and that accordingly he put together all the sounding epithets and ringing rhymes which he could find, till the meaning was quite forgotten, and bombast was the result, not poetry.

Nothing can be more simple and severe than the ode of Mr. Tennyson. There is not a word too much, never a single pair of adjectives driven abreast. Whenever there is repetition it is to deepen the impression, and comes like the refrain in music. Never did fewer words convey so much of feeling. There is no straining, no effort; and so the Manchester critic is much displeased, not perceiving how much art and genius are required to say *everything* in a few simple sentences. Meantime he much admires his gifted townsman's ode, which is certainly twice as long as Tennyson's, if only half as weighty. But this last, we must needs think, is of that facile sort of poetry which Shakspeare describes when he says, "I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted—this is the false gallop of verses—why infect yourself with them?"

SHAWMUT.

☞ WE are indebted to some friend abroad for a copy of *The Manchester Times* of the 20th ult., containing a full report of a very admirable speech by George Thompson, on the War. It is a succint and careful history of the whole "Eastern Question," made up mainly from the Blue Book, and shows the Allies to have been as wrong in the principles by which they were led into the War as they have been unfortunate in its conduct. We copy the closing portion of Mr. Thompson's speech:

I must say that throughout the whole of these transactions candour and justice are certainly not with us. And, my friends, to sum up, what has been the result of this war? Who can grasp it? No man. He must first tell the value of one man, and then he may be able to estimate the value of the 200,000 at least, who have been lost in this bloody war. As for treasure, I will take what we have spent, I will take the liabilities that we have incurred, I will take the charges we must pay, if peace be concluded to-morrow; I add that to what Turkey has spent, to what Russia has spent, to what Austria has spent in the augmentation of her troops, to what Prussia has spent in raising additional troops; to what France has spent; and to what it cost the federated powers of Germany to put their troops on a war footing; and when I say that £200,000,000 have already been sacrificed by this war, I am within bounds (cheers). So much for treasure. What has it done for us at home? Multiplied our national burden on the one hand, and diminished our means of sustaining them on the other. What has it done for the poor man? It has doubled the price of his food (cries of "No," and "Yes, yes," and some confusion). It is said that the exception makes the rule; we have one man here who is satisfied with the price of his loaf (laughter). Do you deny that it has augmented pauperism? (A voice: "Yes.") Dr. Johnson said, "I like a good hater," and I may say, "I like a good contradictor." When your poor rates have been paid—if you do pay any—I think you will find out the difference; and as for yourself I hope you may never be thrown upon them. I say again that the war has in many of the departments of this country stagnated the trade—blocked up the channels of trade. Will you deny that it has suspended every measure of reform at home (hear, hear); that it has perverted the thoughts and energies of a mighty people into one channel, and that channel war? What has it done for Turkey? Precipitated its doom. Twelve months ago, or more, when the Vienna note was rejected, the *Times* well said, "Let the Porte weigh well the difference between independence on the one hand, and protection on the other, for the two are eternally incompatible, and let Turkey know that on the day she is protected, Turkey in Europe is no more" (cheers). She is protected, and there is no Turkey in Europe (cheers). What have we gained by the war? You have raised the prestige of influence of Russia; you have lowered your own (hear, hear). It is not a palatable thing for an Englishman to say, but I say it. Go upon the plains of central Asia; test the feelings of the Asiatics, and the prestige of Russia is in the ascendant, and after Russia France, and after France our own country. What have we done? We have complicated our alliances with the absolute powers of Europe, and it will be long, very long, before we are disentangled from those alliances (hear). We have embroiled ourselves in the settlement of one of one most difficult questions which the diplomatists of this country have ever engaged in settling—the Eastern question. Is Russia dead, or sleeping, or indifferent? No. You have yet this Eastern question to settle; and what often occasions a quarrel to-day among brigands, and to-morrow among potentates, is the division of the spoil (cheers). The man who was sick at St. Petersburg is really now dying at Constantinople, and he has left no will; but there are two self-elected executors (cheering and laughter). The settling-day will come, and when it comes, happy will it be for England if it be settled without strife, and without blood. What have you done or we done by this war? Utterly disappointed the hopes and expectations of those who looked for the reanimation and reorganization of "enslaved nationalities," as they are called. Where are they? Mr. Cobden well said at Leeds, "We had a despot for our ally, a despot for our enemy, and a despot for our client." If a man is to be know by the company he keeps (applause and laughter), can we apply the same rule to our own country? Lord John Russell, the minister plenipotentiary of Austria, the minister plenipotentiary of Prussia, the minister plenipotentiary of France. Pleasant situation! The expounder of the Whig view of the constitution of England, in such company, settling the affairs of the East, and at last compelled to admit that constitutional England had not the right or the justice of the case in her quarrels with the absolute Czar of all the Russias. What have we done, what has the war done for us? I put it to any Christian or thoughtful man in this assembly—has it not demoralized the nation? has it not perverted the Christianity of the nation? (Hear, and a voice, "It never had any.") Has it not put in abeyance the spirit, and maxims, and requirements of the Christian religion? (Hear, hear.) Search me the canons of Christianity through, and find me an apology for any war, but most of all find for me, if you can, an apology for such a war (cheers)—a war to resist aggression, and ending in aggresson—a war founded on an allegation that the Turkish territory had been invaded, and ending in an insane invasion of the territory of another country. Where is the sanction for such a war? There is none. None in the law of nations; none in the law of God (hear). My friends, we have finally, by this ill-judged war, weakened our moral influence in the word. We had an opportunity, in the case of Turkey, of trying what reason and justice might accomplish, and there was a prospect, with almost a certainty of succeeding (hear, hear). But we have been guided neither by justice nor by reason in this matter. My own opinion, and I give it for what it is worth, is this, that we were afraid we should be supplanted by France in the management of eastern affairs. We saw that France was determined to have a voice in the future regulation of the affairs in the East, and we could not allow France to act alone; and seeing that she was determined to advance, in 48 hours "a change came o'er the spirit of the dream" of our cabinet in Downing street, and Russia, who was yesterday in the right, was, the day after to-morrow, declared to be wrong. What is now our duty? Can we then with human feelings look back at "four miles of human agony," in the language of the *Times*, such as that which we find in the long continuity of hospitals in the East? Can we carry our imagination to the heights of the Crimea, and not feel ourselves agonized when we survey the unprecedented spectacle of human misery which here presents itself? Can we be Christian men, and not blush for our country, when we see the ministers of our land, that should speak in tones of mercy to mankind, breathing out, in pulpit phraseology, threatenings and slaughter against the Czar? the minister of God who does that being unable to give you an intelligent reason for his advocacy of so anti-Christian and atheistical a practice. Let me caution you in future to look well into the causes alleged for any war into which it is sought to allure you. I have had something to do with blue books, but not even the blue books that I have analysed in your presence to-night give the real cause of this war. No blue books ever give the secret causes of a war. Count up the hundreds of gaps that there are in those blue books, and then imagine, if you can, what has been withheld from the public eye; but it is from that which has been submitted to the public eye that I have made out a case to-night, and I submit it to your judgment—I submit it with the moral purpose that you may go away from this place suspicious of war-makers, with this conviction upon your mind, that to rule at home, the way often is to make war abroad; and if a Parliament will not yield £500,000 to gratify the personal object of some minister, that minister may make the nation come down with millions upon millions of pounds, which he dispenses if he can concoct some plausible pretext for war with a distant nation. I ask you to analyse your feelings upon all points like these, and to be wary lest those who profit by wars induce you to sanction them, and you afterwards find not only that you have lost in pocket, but that you have lost in reputation, and are implicated in the guilt, and massacre, and blood (cheers).

LOUIS XVIII. AT HARTWELL.

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AND, now, before leaving the house, we must say a few words respecting its occupancy by Louis XVIII. of France, who, with his queen and suite of two hundred persons, lived here from 1807 to 1815. At that period, Hartwell belonged to Sir George Lee, Bart., who, being a bachelor, and not caring to live in his ancestral mansion, let it to the royal family, for the annual rent of £500. Besides the constant residents, the king was frequently visited by French princes and emigrant nobles, who brought attendants with them. Thus the accommodation required was so extensive that the halls, galleries and large apartments were ingeniously divided and subdivided into suites of rooms and closets; and it was curious, as we are informed, to see how, with that method for management characteristic of the French, the second and third class stowed themselves in the attics, converting one room into several by an adaptation of light partitions. On the ledges and leads of the roof they formed gardens, which were stocked with plants, shrubs and flowers, contained in boxes; and they, moreover, kept fowls and pigeons there, so that the superstructure was thus loaded with many extra tons of weight; but all was well conducted and cheerful, and in the evenings there was music and dancing.

His majesty had probably, before taking up his abode at Hartwell, learned how

"Sweet are the uses of adversity";

and, when walking through the groves surrounding the house, must have felt, if he did not exclaim,

"Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?"

His majesty occupied much of his time in reading, and, throughout all his vicissitudes, he retained his partiality for the classic writers, and especially for Horace, of which there is a curious instance on record. When his *fidus Achates*, the Duc d'Avaray, was compelled by illness to quit Hartwell for Madeira, he wrote from thence to his royal friend for some books, and, among others, for a French translation of Horace. To this request, Louis, having in part complied, returned the following answer: "Your commission about Horace was not so easy. There is a translation by the Abbe Desfontaines, but he got no further than the middle of the third book of the *Odes*, so that would not suit you." And, after alluding to other attempts, he adds: "I see but one remedy—send me the list of odes you have, and I will endeavour to supply the deficiency by an humble attempt of my own."

The royal version of the Venusian bard would, indeed